



We need each other . . .







1971

You took over the United Nations this past summer. They numbered 652 and represented 113 countries, plus liberation movements and world youth organizations. They roamed freely (and often barefoot) in the delegates' lounges, rushed past security guards without blinking an eye (but flashed ID cards), debated in the corridors, and talked into the wee hours in their dorms. It lasted nine days in July. The result? Secretary-General U Thant said the "UN will probably never be the same again."

The World Youth Assembly was part of the observance of the UN's 25th anniversary. Since youth under 30 compose two-thirds of the world's population, they should be heard from. But member-states of the UN were cautious—such a meeting might become violent, or a propaganda platform, or unrepresentative of the world's youth, or economically wasteful in learning anything new. Only a last-minute, sizeable donation from the producer of the rock musical, "Hair," saved the WYA. Although 68% of the participants were under the recommended 25 years of age, some "professional" youth—especially from the Eastern bloc—were in their 40's. Some countries hand-picked or "briefed" their participants to be sure the party line was spoken. But even for the many who were free to speak, the schedule of events was tight, advance preparation was lacking, and skilled maneuvering by the experienced tended to establish an atmosphere that overwhelmed the naive. One U.S. participant observed: "Youth never got to talk to youth."

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# THE NINE DAY "SHOW" AT THE UN

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**Editor:** Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.  
**Managing Editor:** Joan E. Hemenway  
**Associate Editor:** Nancy H. Gruber  
**Admin. Secretary:** Clara Utermohlen  
**Secretary:** Linda Chaplin  
**Editorial address:** Room: 1203, 1505  
Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

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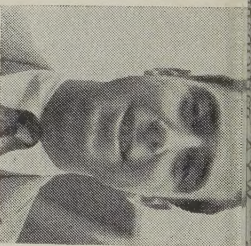
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**ROSS MACRAE, New Zealand:**

"The obstructive and non-democratic meetings seen here obviously have put aside the ideals presented to us by U Thant that we should abandon traditional loyalties and to get on with the spirit of peace. . . . I think without conciliation, without an attempt to talk, to exchange points of views, and to get a bit of ground, you're not going to get anywhere in the other struggles."

especially among people from the developing countries. They realize that they are not inferior human beings and yet their way of life is inferior to that of the developed countries, and they are simply asking why. . . . If their hatred and frustration is vented Westward, we could face the end of our affluent society. I think we must change our personal goals in the near future to meet this need."

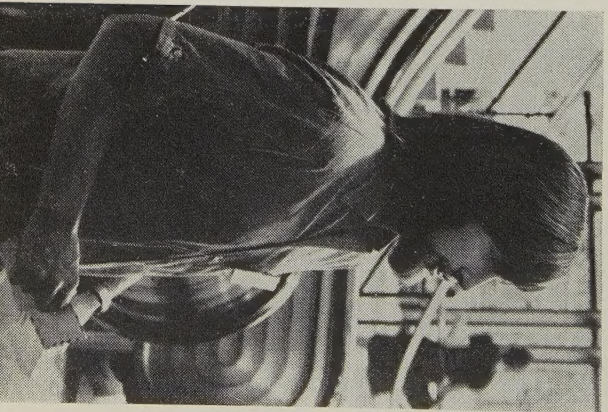
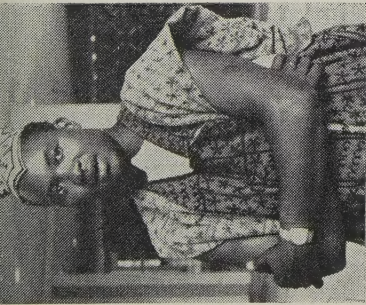


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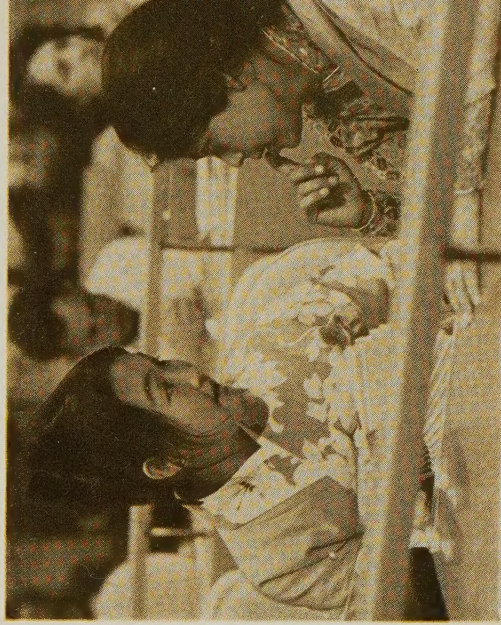




## Is it possible to think beyond one's own nationalism?

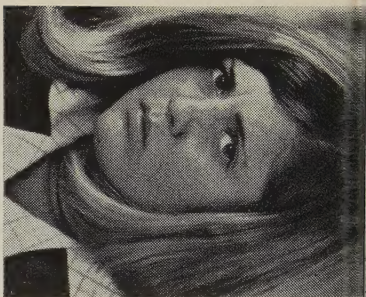
**AEZICK SERAY-WURIE, Sierra Leone:** "While in the United States, I have talked with many groups, especially black groups, and I sympathize with them inasmuch as they sympathize with us. Everywhere I went I condemned racial discrimination, because no clear-thinking human being who believes in the principle of equality should encourage it. . . . Colonialism, imperialism, aggression, and apartheid are the big problems facing the United Nations. The resolutions and charter of the UN must be honored, but I don't have faith in some member states because they joined the so-called third-world nations in making resolutions in the UN but have not fulfilled their obligations."

into four commissions—World Peace, Education, Development, and Environment. But many from Eastern and third-world countries were pulled in from the other commissions to roll up majority votes in the World Peace sessions. Thus its report was anti-Western—especially anti-U.S. and anti-Israel—and very noisily argued when brought to the final plenary session in the General Assembly. Amidst rhythmic clapping and desk pounding, one participant shouted, "I am a socialist, but now I know there is a left fascism."



United Nations Photo





HELEN HILL, Australian delegate from World Student Christian Federation:

"This Assembly really didn't say anything very new which some churchmen haven't already said. I don't know how much the WSCF represents the average church person, but I think it's more progressive. In fact, in some respects—rather like councils of churches—it's so far ahead of local congregations that I think there could be some split within the churches. The churches have led the way in economic development, partly because of overseas missions and partly because of a guilty conscience that they might have in the past helped to encourage pioneers, colonials, and exploitation. It took the churches a while to realize this."

DEBBY SHORE, Seattle, Wash.: "One cannot begin to imagine the difference between our country (USA) and many other countries in the world. For example, Assembly participants were given \$12 a day just for food—totalling about \$170 for food for two weeks. In Haiti the annual average income is \$60 a year. Imagine the reaction of some participants coming to New York and receiving \$170 for two weeks of food. . . . It seems especially ironic that while gaining a rather unfavorable reputation abroad, we continue to oppress ourselves by putting our priorities on over-kill (ABM, arms, etc.). Our government continues to contradict itself through behavior (supporting undemocratic regimes) establishing a rather shaky model for U.S. youth to believe in. . . ."

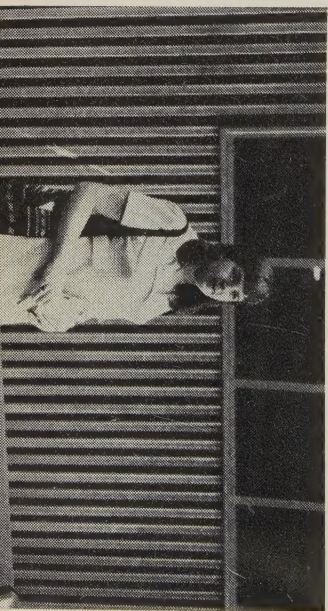


Photo by Paul Ahrens





"Peace is not a goal but a process," John F. Kennedy once said. And so, while some WYA youth were making a political football of the World Peace Commission, the rest were suggesting—among other things—use of multinational teacher-training teams in developing countries, a UN university, a worldwide day set aside to think about environment problems, a UN international volunteer corps, UN act to check and balance international trade, and making cigarette advertising and marijuana illegal.

## Development is the new word for peace

JOS LEMMERS, Dutch delegate from World Federalist Youth: "If we are going to construct peace, we should try to solve the causes of war right from their roots rather than try to solve the consequences of war. And three of these issues were dealt with here—education, development, and environment. First, education, which includes functional literacy and ranges to the mass media, has a great task in educating the general public about the world we're living in. The second major problem is imperialism by the big powers and oppression of the poor and minorities. We are living in a world which does not have the right kind of institutions to cope with its problems. For example, there is absolutely no institutional basis for a world economy. Finally, we are poisoning and turning our world into a filthy place."

United Nations Photo





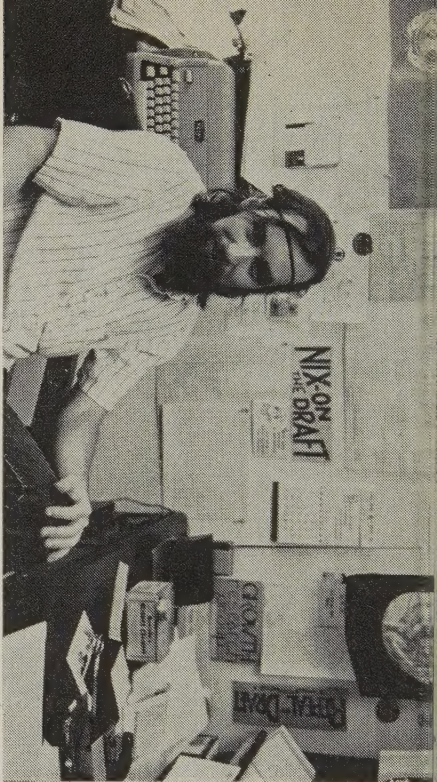


Photo by H. A.

by how little U.S. youth knew about the cultural, environmental, and political realities of our international peers. Therefore, U.S. youth should be, first, extending themselves beyond their classroom education in this area by personally communicating with individual youth or youth organizations in other countries, by reading publications of other countries and by visiting international centers at nearby schools to speak with foreign students studying in this country. And, secondly, youth should make themselves aware of their own government's foreign policies and how they really affect people in other countries. Thus U.S. youth might better be able to analyze world problems and work toward constructive solutions."



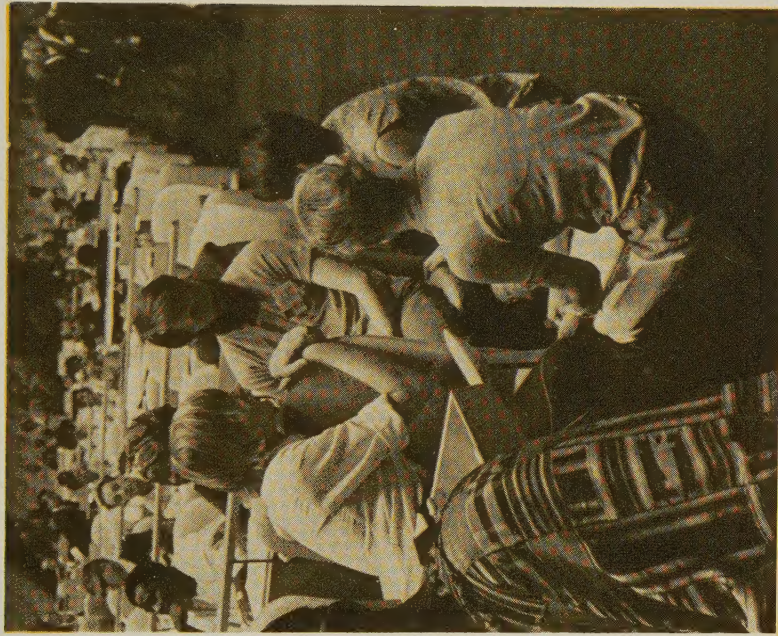
MARK BARKER, New York, N.Y.: "There are two things every person will have to learn to do very well. First of all, is to be able to clarify your values. Once these values are clarified, they will tend to be quite in common with a lot of other people's values. And secondly, learning how to handle information on anything. Your values will determine what information you're going to handle. Values and knowledge work hand in hand in today's world. So, I'd suggest you take some courses in ethics, or at least in education, and in computer and library sciences, and just learn how to get information and then how to apply that information. . . . I'm optimistic about the future because of the possibility of the changing of the larger values of society. War, for example, is one of those cultural achievements—albeit a negative one—that we'll grow, or develop, out of."



"Apathy among the majority of the population and frustration among youth are international diseases not unique in this country," observes David Warren after his nine days at the World Youth Assembly. "Youth must dedicate themselves to motivating people to think about and to change the social environment."

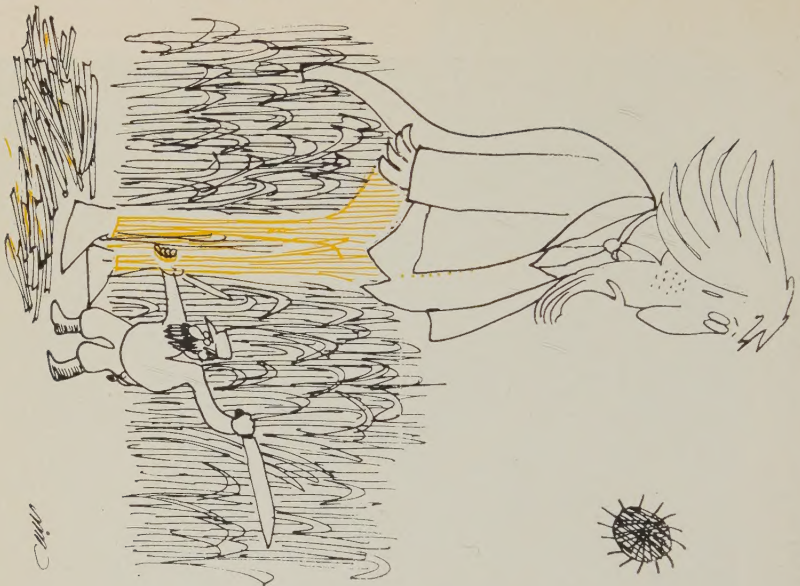
"To me," says Debby Shore, "people involvement is at the base of all communications. The more we find out about people less like ourselves, the more tolerance we acquire and the more objective we become. . . . The best experience ever is gained with meeting people. Perhaps the last year in high school could be used as a laboratory where students spend a semester involved in a working experience—the UN, a home for the aged, Head Start, a camp, etc. Then what we've learned in textbooks comes alive."

In his fatherly advice to WYA participants, U Thant observed: "All too often the forgotten element is Man. . . . It would indeed be a victory for humanity if our century were to be remembered as the turning point when, for the first time, it became possible for all mankind to share the advantages of civilization."





We cut sugar cane for



# CUBA



Last February Elsa Koenig sailed from Canada to Cuba to help with the annual sugar harvest and to see and experience the revolution there. Fidel Castro's goal of ten million tons of sugar was not achieved in 1970, and the immediate economic outlook for Cuba looks bleak. In his latest speech, Castro called for a crusade to eliminate "vagrancy, parasitism and other strange vices of the revolution." But the harvest itself brought many people together. Here Elsa describes her experience of this "togetherness."

Story and photos by Elsa Koenig



When we sailed for Cuba last winter on our converted cattle boat, we thought we knew a lot about revolution. But we were to learn much, much more. The trip was very chilly, at least until we reached the coast of North Carolina. And the warmth and enthusiasm of the Cubans who greeted us at the end of our journey overwhelmed us.

There were 800 in our group—the second contingent of the *Venceremos* (we will win) brigade. Many of us had been students, and members of liberal or leftist organizations. Others came as independents. Most of us were between 20 and 30, although there were people with us from 13 to 67. Most of us were from the U.S., but there were Latin American students and some Puerto Ricans. Cuba is a revolutionary country and we all shared a desire to find out something about what this revolution means. Our way from Canada and back was paid by the Cubans; they wanted people to come and see what is happening there.

Cuba's revolution began in 1953. The phase in which the people of Cuba seized the government power from Batista's forces took place in 1959. The beginning of the U.S. economic embargo in 1961 changed many things for Cuba, and made this situation much more difficult. But in spite of the embargo, the most important part of the Cuban revolution continued to proceed full speed ahead. That part is transforming Cuban society from one with many different classes of people who struggle against each other into one where all people work together so that each person can fulfill his own needs. All during our stay in Cuba, we could see how this is being done.

For it is in the area of work where the really important changes are happening. The sugar harvest was the most obvious thing that people were concentrating on. The goal for 1970 was to cut and refine ten million tons of sugar to be sold to various countries all over the world.

largely Russia and China. The money from this venture should provide the resources for mechanizing the cutting process by 1975. As we have since heard, only 8.5 million tons were produced, but more important than this in some ways is the unifying effect that the harvest had on all of the people of Cuba.

As each million was cut, new signs appeared all over the countryside: "SEIS . . . We've done six mil-

This is me with Pablo, our brigade chief, the day we cut burned cane. The smell? Burnt sugar, of course!







The cattle boat was no luxury liner, but crowded as we were, we always found a good place to sit and watch.

lion. Come on, everybody, we've still got four to go!" Oriente province has the largest capacity for sugar. There the signs read: "Fidel, we will do three million!" (Cubans would think it silly to call Premier Castro by anything but his first name.)

Cane cutting has changed a great deal since the revolution. Before, thousands of macheteros would cut cane for three months out of the year. Their wages were barely above subsistence level—less than

a dollar for 2500 pounds of cut sugar cane. The rest of the year after the harvest was called the "time of starvation" because there was no work and no way for the macheteros to get food. Today there are very few "professional" macheteros who cut full time during the harvest. What happens now is that everybody cuts cane. People spend weekends and part of their vacations in the fields doing work that is much too hard to be fun.

Education is a key to the way people act toward each other. Cuba has progressed from the least literate country in all of the Americas to virtually 100% literacy. To the Cubans, the whole revolution is one big school. In one experimental Junior High, students were combining work and study. They live at the school, which is in the country. They spend half their time in the classrooms with teachers so close to them in age that there is no problem in "having to listen to a crazy grownup rambling on." It is more

like brothers and sisters teaching each other what they know. Tests are given to make sure everybody knows his stuff. However the idea is not to fail a certain number of people because that's the way it's supposed to be, but to have everybody understand the subject. The kids study together, and the ones who understand the best are expected to help the ones who have a harder time. The other half of the day is spent in working with little tractors in fields of coffee and citrus fruit. Chemistry and physics classes are able to discuss how things develop as students watch it happen.

There's also plenty of time for play, and the children love it. Sports activities take place both in schools and in work places. There is no such thing as a professional athlete in Cuba. Everybody has a chance to be as good as he is able. No tickets for baseball games, either. All sporting events are free to everyone, and are often held in beautiful stadiums.



The most striking thing about all the schools, however, is the seriousness of the students—of everyone in the country for that matter. I don't mean seriousness of their faces, for everybody smiles almost all the time. But you wouldn't expect most 12- or 13-year-old kids to be thinking in terms of what they're going to do, or how they're going to make a contribution to their people. You wouldn't expect them to understand what it means to work together with everybody in the country to make

Marlen is a history student at the U. of Havana. When she finished guard duty she showed us the sights of the city.



things better. You wouldn't expect them to understand the necessity of helping people in other countries to live better lives by sacrificing the things that they are just now beginning to have themselves. But the children had no trouble saying that they would sacrifice food, clothes, even their lives if necessary to help other Latin Americans, Africans, or anyone struggling to be free.

When we went down to Cuba, we began to become part of that society where people work together instead of apart. We learned to work—much harder than we had ever worked before. The task of cutting sugar cane is deceptively simple—you cut it in the middle, then at the top, and then at the ground level. But for the first few days you think you'll die if you have to lift your arm one more time. After a while it's only your fingers that lock in the early dawn. Just as the Cubans combine a little bit of everything in with all that they do, so did we learn, too.



"What will keep marriages together now that women no longer have to depend on men for support?" one girl asked Fidel. His answer was brief: "Love."

In our six weeks we learned discipline—most people in the U.S. don't get up at five in the morning if they don't have to. The Cubans always played *De Pie* (on your feet) for us, but nobody told us we had to go to the fields. That we had to do on our own. If we didn't go, it was assumed that we had a good reason. Instead of asking "Why weren't you at work today?" people would ask what was wrong and offer help. This surprised us, as many people just stayed home

because they didn't feel like working. It is much easier to change people's attitudes when you don't say, "I don't care about what you feel, you have to go to work anyway." Instead it helps to get to the root of *why* they don't like what they're supposed to do.

We also had to get along with our brothers and sisters from the U.S., a task which seemed to be much more difficult than getting along with the Cubans. Some of the men in our brigade sneered at women who were trying to do hard physical labor, or to make constructive suggestions about anything. But the women learned to do the work as well as the men, and to get along with them so that we all could work as equals in the struggle against the cane. White kids had to deal with their racism. Supposedly, most of us agreed already that the Third World struggle in the U.S. and everywhere shows what needs to be done to make this a better world. But we really had to

work at listening to Third World people. When we did, we found that their suggestions were many times the best.

In all of our struggles, the Cubans helped us. Sometimes we just listened to the answers they gave to questions we asked. But more often we learned by watching the way they acted toward each other, and toward us.

Cuban women weren't as liberated in many ways as we thought they ought to be. They didn't do a lot of the talking many times. They weren't concerned about proving that they could do as much heavy physical work as the men. Yet their positions were clearly much freer than before the revolution. They are not discriminated against in education or jobs, but are allowed to become full people in every way. They play an important role in the work force of the country. There are more women in medical schools than there are men. Many Cuban

women become chemists and engineers—occupations traditionally assigned to men. A working mother is given three months paid maternity leave when she is ready to have her baby. After that, she may take a year's leave of absence to care for her baby herself, or she may put him in a child care center when he's six weeks old. The children's centers are controlled by the Federation of Cuban Women, whose main job is to encourage women to participate fully in Cuban life and not stay literally locked up in their homes. The children play games indoors and outdoors; they sing and dance and hear stories. Older children begin to learn their letters, of course. After they are six they go to school. In one place we saw instructions to the women of the center to take care of the children lovingly, especially when the parents must leave the child there for a few days while away. All the children we saw looked like my sister when she comes home from a happy day at kindergarten. They



crowded around us and wanted to play—we weren't allowed to be aloof observers.

Young people in Cuba have grown up without the institutions that make people racist in the U.S. Everyone has the same opportunity to go to school, or work, or play, so that there is no reason to separate anybody. There is still some prejudice among older people, and it is clear that older blacks are often not as well educated as younger blacks. But that is a remnant of another age; among young people and children things are totally equal and integrated.

Cubans were always eager to know what we thought of the way they did things, how we did things differently and why. And they were always ready to talk with us. Usually we would come away impressed how clearly they had thought things out and how well they had been able to help us understand what they were talking

about. For instance, after we explained why men liked long hair, they would come to our defense when other Cubans that we met on the street did not understand. Always they listened and were open to new ideas.

We never were told that we were bad or silly, although we were constantly complaining and careless, and I'm sure we must have seemed quite obnoxious sometimes. I asked one of my Cuban friends what he thought of the way we acted toward each other. He replied that we were like Cubans before the revolution. Many times we didn't like the food or the music, and all too often we cut ourselves instead of the cane with the razor-sharp machetes. And although most of us had always had many more things than any of the Cubans, we were able to discuss our differences with many of them. They never made us feel bad. What they did do is increase our sense of urgency about changing things in the U.S. so that



Melvin here is surprised that people can live in these conditions. But the young Cuban girl said that she could hardly believe the luxury of a house with a floor!

Miguel is 15 and plans to be a doctor. Here he is admiring one of the tractors used for citrus cultivation.



people all over the world can begin to share in what we have as a nation.

Sometimes the ways they taught us surprised us very much. Fidel says that if a person asks for something he must need it. When little children in school push in line, they are not punished, but taken to the front of the line. They must be hungrier, or want their snack very much. Children seem to stop pushing in line after a while even though they are not punished. We were curious about what happens to people who steal. Criminals in Cuba go to rehabilitation camps. We saw a trial where people were accused of gambling, which is illegal. The man who had been running the game was sent to a rehabilitation camp, and the rest were given suspended sentences because they were good workers. We also spoke with a man who had hijacked a plane. The way the hijacker described the camps, they sounded a lot like what we had experienced

in the sugar fields. The only important differences was that we were volunteers and of course lawbreakers are not volunteers.

When a person in a rehabilitation camp seems to be adjusting well, his fellow workers may recommend that he be able to go home on passes. He is not kept under guard, although he must report periodically to the local police. (This is the Committee for the Defense of the Revolution, which consists of nearly everybody in the country. These police also carry out massive campaigns of vaccination for polio and other diseases.) People in camps may also go to school at night to continue their studies if they wish. They must go to political education classes where they discuss what the revolution is trying to do, and study works by Che and Fidel.

Here again it seemed to us that the idea is not to punish people for their mistakes or for their ignorance, but to help them understand more

and more about living together and working together. The whole concept seemed weird to us at first.

We had gone to Cuba with positive feelings about what we would see. But we wanted to get an accurate picture, and so we spoke with people who didn't like the revolution. Most of them had had enough to live comfortably before the revolution, and hadn't improved their material standard of living. That was the common complaint: it was not that you couldn't say what you thought. People who don't like the revolution can participate in choosing leaders just as anyone else. But even people who don't like the revolution say that for most Cubans the new life is better than the old.

Most Cubans were willing to talk about the many problems that Cuba has yet to solve. Fidel, in his visit to our camp, said: "There are some things I can't answer; there are some things that I won't answer because of my position; but ask



away and I'll see what I can do." He answered our questions with clarity and detail. Sometimes he took ten minutes, sometimes two. Only once did he refuse to answer. The question was about Laos, and he told us that we should ask the Vietnamese present, as they knew first hand.

Always there was a confidence that Cuba's problems could be, and would be, solved eventually. The attitudes of so many ordinary people put us at ease during our stay. One family living in a very bare house with a wood stove and very little food told us that they had never expected to have a cement floor and milk for the children every day: They were living in luxury, they said, with just those things. But there was also a hospital, a school, and a child center, built by the revolution. "I am a revolutionary," the woman told me.

Soon we began to realize that although there are many problems,

we wouldn't be able to solve them and that the Cubans had ways of dealing with them. It was most important for us to look around us and see what we could learn, and there was more of that than we could absorb in our short visit.

We learned a lot about ourselves and how to get along—not just to tolerate, but to help each other change. We learned many things about what the U.S. does to Third World countries in terms of our own experience. Most important, we came back with the courage to struggle with all our energy to change what we have now into a better society. We have new courage from understanding that it is possible for people to live together. It is possible, it is necessary, and it is worth it.

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The road to work was long, hot and dusty. But you could always refresh yourself with a hunk of sugar cane. The juice is surprisingly cool and sweet.



Photo/Wide World



MARSHALL  
OSBORNE



Janet Dudman describes her father's strange adventures as a "prisoner" in Cambodia.

For 40 days last spring, my father, Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, Elizabeth Pond of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and Michael Morrow of *Dispatch News Service International*, were captives of Vietnamese guerrillas in Cambodia.

Their captivity began May 7th, a week after President Nixon had announced the invasion of Cambodia by American and South Vietnamese troops. That morning the three drove out from Saigon on Highway 1, the road that connects Saigon and Phnom Penh, to see how successful the operation was so far. They passed the border check-point manned by friendly Cambodians who waved them through without warning and passed into a part of Cam-

bodia invaded the week before.

About a mile west of Svey Rieng they realized that they were the only moving thing in the whole area. When they came to a blown-up bridge they knew they had passed beyond the lines of the invading Allied troops into the no man's land between the Allies and the guerrilla troops supported by Noradom Sihanouk, the ousted Cambodian leader.

As they turned to go back, a Vietnamese slid from behind a tree, waving an automatic rifle. He was soon joined by others.

"We stopped our car and scrambled out, hands up. 'Don't shoot,' said Mike. 'We are journalists.'"

The journalists were ordered out of the car, searched, and told to run with hands upraised.

When my father failed to return to Saigon that evening, and later when the abandoned car was found, we pieced together the story this far. Then, for almost six weeks, we could only conjecture what was happening to him, or even if he was alive. However, we learned later that except for this first day, they were treated well.

After my father and the two other journalists had run with hands raised about two miles they came to a small hut where they were interrogated. At this point they were accused of being members of the CIA, of which they were always suspected through-

out their captivity. Mike, who spoke Vietnamese, told the guerrillas that they were international journalists.

They were loaded into a truck and led through villages of jeering peasants, who had developed an intense hatred of Americans since the bombing began. Then they were taken out of the truck, blindfolded, and led through a pathway of angry, yelling villagers, who cried, "Beat the Americans to death." The three were each tied to motor bikes and made to run fast behind them for several miles until they were out of town. My father thought they were being taken out in the country to be killed.

"*'Di, di, di'* came the command. Blindfolded, stumbling, fearful of breaking an ankle, we ran as fast as we could to keep up with the bike."

They were led into another hut where my father and Mike were





each hut over the head once. Finally their blindfolds were removed, their bindings loosened, and they were offered water. They were told that if they were journalists, as they claimed to be, they would not be shot and would be set free. They were assigned five guerrillas as guards who stayed with them for the rest of their captivity.

So began the 40 days of captivity which soon fell into a daily pattern. The journalists and their guards usually travelled at night by land rover or by foot through paddy land and jungle.

**"We noticed that when our guards passed a pagoda they unobtrusively removed their hats. It was a gesture of respect for local religious beliefs—all the more marked, because, as we learned later, they were atheists."**

They slept in the homes of different villagers in different towns,

where they were usually given the best part of the single room huts. With the guards and the various families, they drank tea or hot water and ate rice. Sometimes the rice was accompanied by different side plates of vegetables. On special occasions they ate dog—roasted ribs or dog soup. When the guerrillas asked why Americans didn't eat dog, my father told them that in America dogs were pets and even considered as members of the family. At this the guerrillas laughed hard, unable to believe it.

Each night the guerrillas listened to BBC radio broadcasts in Vietnamese. They followed the news in America closely—especially news of anti-war legislation in Congress, student demonstrations and anti-war protests. They knew the names of Mike Mansfield, J. William Fulbright and Eugene McCarthy, all dovish Senators.

**Gradually we came to think of the five guerrillas who had us in tow as escorts rather than guards. We had given them a chess set. But it soon turned out that they would give us our lives."**

Occasionally the time went slowly. My father and Mike carved a chess set out of tree branches and taught the guerrillas to play. My father told me afterward that he had asked himself: "What am I doing playing chess in the jungle with a bunch of guerrillas?" One time the guards did a parody of a monk to amuse the journalists, who in return sang "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," which the guerrillas liked a lot.

Once during these slow times a guard asked the three if they missed their families. When the journalists said yes, he said that he hadn't seen his wife since he joined the revolution seven years before.

"A revolutionary either has no family or leaves it," another guerrilla commented. "He takes all people as his mother, father, brothers and sisters. When revolution is won, then he can return to his family and lead a normal life."

The three spent one day in a hut on stilts, hidden in the woods. The guards passed the time talking and napping. When they heard helicopters in the distance, they rushed out to take down the laundry they had drying outside and took the correspondents underneath the house to hide among the rice sacks that were stored there.

But when the helicopters came closer, the guerrillas were afraid that the wind they caused would blow apart the trees surrounding the hut and expose it. They led the correspondents deep in the woods and made them lie still until the helicopters had passed.

Afterwards, one of the guards, Anh Ba, explained what had happened by drawing a map in the dirt. He had run around to another part of the woods, showed himself and fired three shots. The helicopters had gone off in his direction and Anh Ba had sneaked back to the others. He said that with a Chinese rifle instead of the captured American weapon, he could have brought down the helicopter. He said he had already shot down six US planes.

The American strategy in Cambodia is easy for us to counter,' Anh Ba explained. 'They all stay together. When they go to a place, we go somewhere else. We just stay out of their way. We are happy when they use up their ammunition and fly their planes.'

The raid brought the guards and their prisoners closer together. The supposed enemy had saved their lives from their own

country's planes. The guerrillas no longer referred to them as prisoners of war but "travelers who had lost their way."

In Washington friends called or came over to be with my mother who was always optimistic. My sister pictured my father rotting in a dingy prison somewhere. My grandmother said she was worried at first but soon she was sure he'd be all right, and she began to enjoy the reflected glory. "Now when people ask me what the news is," she said, "I just tell them to read *Time* magazine."

My mother was the impetus behind the effort to have my father found and returned. Although she stayed in the background she continually thought of ideas and urged other people to keep working for his release. At her suggestion, Senators, ambassadors, newspapermen and leaders of the peace movement in America called Silhanouk and leaders of the



North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front.

I was already in Paris studying at the time of my father's capture. I visited the North Vietnam delegation to the Paris peace talks with Marquis Childs, the columnist who is also a member of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* staff. I had tea with two North Vietnamese and gave them copies of my father's past articles to assure them that my father was a *bona fide* journalist. They gave me two thin books of communist propaganda, one in English and one in Vietnamese.

I also tried calling the Viet Cong group in Paris but they said it was not under their jurisdiction and slammed down the phone. This was part of the problem, that it was unclear what person or country was responsible for my father's captivity.

We suspected he was held by the communist forces in Cam-

bodia. But Sihanouk, the Cambodian head of state, had been ousted two months before and was living in Peking. The leaders of the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese continually insisted that they had no troops in Cambodia.

At one point it was suggested that either my mother or I should go to Hanoi. I wasn't sure what I would do there, but the idea appealed to me. My mother was against the trip, as she didn't feel it would do any good.

Five weeks after my father was reported missing, we got a message that three journalists, two men and a woman, were seen marching northward. Today it isn't clear if that was a correct report but then it was encouraging. Anyway, about that time, my father and his companions were told that they would be released as soon as arrangements could be made.



*"After four weeks of captivity we were worried and doubtful. We were sure we would not be killed but we couldn't tell how long we would be held. Our guards treated us well and looked after our safety, but except for minor matters like lending us a needle and thread they granted none of the requests we made. They decided everything. We had very little freedom of action."*

We don't know what caused his release. There were about 20 other journalists in captivity, although my father never saw or heard about the others while he was in Cambodia. We don't think his release came as the result of one thing but rather the combination of efforts by many people we knew and other journalists who were shocked that a correspondent could be captured. It probably helped that my father and his two companions were all

known as strong opponents of the war.

Arrangements for their release took about a week. There were good-bye dinners given in honor of the departing prisoners. They feasted on dishes of vegetables and dog meat, contributed by neighbors.

The journalists collected some good-bye gifts for their five guards including the chess set, a beret and the key to Mike's house in Saigon. Because the guerrillas didn't have any gifts to exchange, they wouldn't accept anything but the chess set. At first it seemed strange to give presents to the people who were holding them prisoners. But when my father presented his, he said he wouldn't have missed that time for the world. The five guards, besides saving his life several times, really became his friends. They exchanged addresses and made plans to visit each other if

Janet and her mother are reunited with Mr. Duodman.





they were still alive after the war was over.

Their captivity was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see the other side of a war that this country has been deeply involved in for over five years. They got to know what kind of people the Cambodian and Vietnamese guerrillas were, of their determination, their intense hatred of America, and their relationship with the peasants. The Cambodian peasants' willingness to give food and shelter to the Vietnamese guerrillas and their captives showed a welding together of the Cambodian people and the liberation movement.

After the good-bye parties, the journalists were given safe-passes and about \$15 each in Cambodian currency. In a jeep with one motorcycle as an escort, they passed through some of the villages they had stayed in and waved to the villagers. At night

they left the jeep and rode behind a guard on a motor bike. After three hours on bikes, they drove up on Highway 1, the same highway on which they had been captured 40 days earlier.

**"We embraced the three guerrillas and urged them to hurry back to a safer area. They warned us to be sure to use our white flags. It seemed a strange ending."**

The guerrillas left them at a building on the side of the road. The next morning the three hitchhiked into Saigon.

They told American officials at the embassy there that there had been no attempt by their captors to brainwash them. But they said that they didn't want to speak with the embassy for fear of fulfilling the role of spies that they had been denying for the past 40 days, and thus endangering the lives of the other correspondents.

My father called our home in Washington at 3 AM. That was the first we knew he was safe and alive. But in order to get the story of his captivity and release in his paper first, he told us not to tell anyone for 12 hours.

When my father recovered from an illness he developed when he came back to the U.S., our whole neighborhood had a party to celebrate his return. The street in front of our house was blocked off. Fifteen hundred friends of all ages came to dance in the street. The group included Senators, the Mayor of Washington and other newsmen.

Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., Bishop of New York, gave a "sermon" to the crowd from our front porch. He recalled the Biblical story of Jonah who he said had spent three days in the belly of a whale. "But our Jonah," he said, "spent forty days before he was finally spewn forth."

Wild sunbeams seem to float,  
harshly,  
broken,  
falling onto the soft green,  
forming a kind of halo  
over the arches of neems  
and mango trees.

The rain falls  
over nature's roof.  
Along the rocky stairs  
Down the hollow archways  
Touching the dark hollows of my mind.

And I will always come here  
To pick up dropped mangoes  
And watch the mountain lilies grow  
To think my own thoughts—  
An exit to my real self.

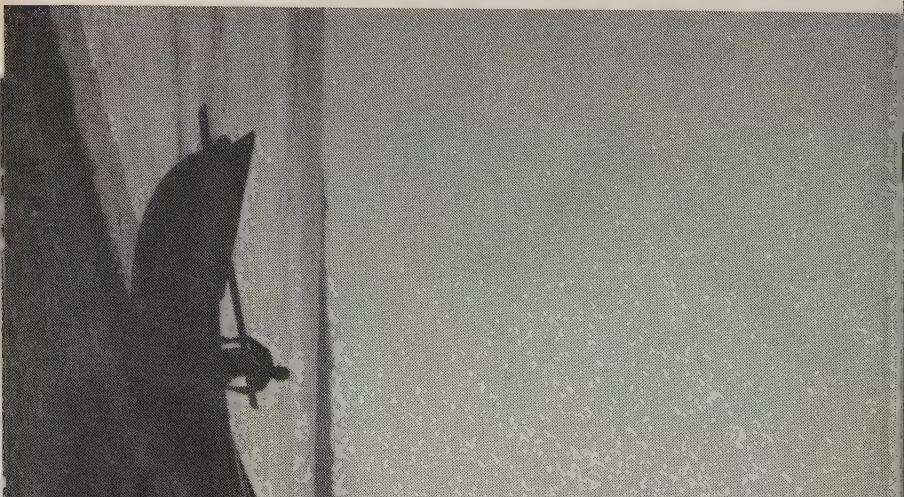
And how I longed to be a part of that cycle,  
Not just an observer.

The rain is again falling  
And the sunbeams still travel.  
And infinite beauty

Not man-made  
Not tied up in taxes  
And policies  
Not man-made  
But God-made

NOT  
MAN  
MADE  
BUT  
GOD  
MADE

THE WONDERFUL BEAUTY OF GHANA POETRY BY EDDI DESMOND







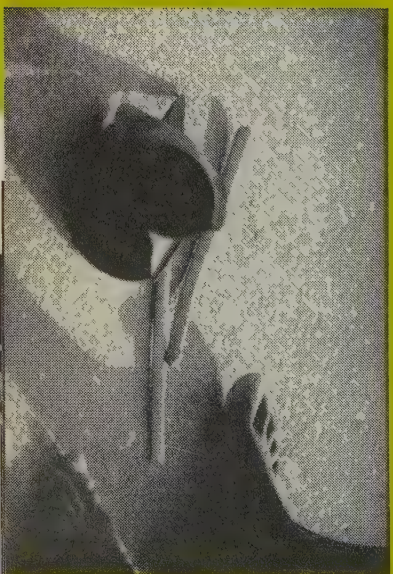
# WHAT LIFE REALLY IS

Swirling sheets of cool,  
Fluorescent water,  
The colors leap and dance together  
Mixing into a huge fantasy,  
A water-color of life.

The trees turn blue in the sunlight,  
The sky becomes a flashing red,  
Liquid with clouds.

DO YOU SEE LIFE AS IT IS?  
OR AS IT COULD BE?

Try to see through the pastel waters  
The multi-colored surface of the soul  
And if you can,  
You may find life is only what you make it.  
(And if you see life, as what it can be)  
You are a step forward  
Into what life really is.





# LOOK LONELY TRAVELER



Eddi Desmond, 17, was graduated last year from a Ghanaian secondary school in Ho, a small town east of Accra, Ghana's capital. He was the only white student in a school of 720. "I really love the atmosphere," Eddi observes, "and I can never quite get over the overwhelming friendliness I find myself engulfed in. Man, I really know that 'Black is Beautiful' and I really wish I could share what I've found with others. Living in this culture has taught me a lot more and different ways to live and love."



Lone and silent  
engulfed in a tranquil roar,  
He rides past.

Love has given him his needed  
freedom  
Life has pushed him on  
To new horizons.

His past  
Shields  
Any doubt of the future.

A hot sun greets our traveler.  
A shameless moon guides  
his wheels through  
fearful mud  
and happy sand.

Oh, let him go,  
To wander as he will,  
Through the lush streams  
And golden hills  
of Africa.

NOTE: This poem is about a friend, Larry Tretfin, who is about to take a motorcycle trip from Ghana to Kenya. He is a folksinger/missionary who works in a slum area near Accra, Ghana.

# One night I climbed fuji

by Jane Samuels



year-old girl who winces at a flight of stairs to climb Mt. Fuji? I readily confess that it was neither a quest for an ever more beautiful sunrise, nor a desire to commune in solitude with nature. Nor did I have any desire to emulate the athletic prowess of most of my youth hostel group.

It was a much baser emotion that drove me—what did Mt. Fuji look like? Was it a myth, perpetuated by the artists of the centuries? A shimmering Camelot of mountains, always hidden in mist?

I had not been able to see Fuji in either an 11-week trip four years previously, or during my present trip. So when my hostel trip stopped at Kawaguchiko near the base of the mountain I decided to climb it to prove that it was there.

To be more accurate, I never really climbed Mt. Fuji—I lurched, scrambled and staggered up with three other girls who were among the least athletic of our group. Two of them quit at Station Eight (there are ten in all). I do admit we weren't exactly equipped for climb-

didn't have jackets or flashlights.

We had been told that the moonlight was bright enough to climb by—we soon found out that this was not true. So we joined a family with three small children, a flashlight, and a nice slow pace. If a little boy of eight could climb Fuji, so could we!

About every 15 feet we sat down and looked at the stars which literally filled the sky. I have never seen so many. In the distance heat lightning flashed, revealing time-twisted pines. We climbed through the night and reached the top before sunrise. Its beauty was rivalled only by the depths of my fatigue. After pouring down soup and coffee to combat our shivering numbness, Bonnie and I started back down the mountain. Then the real fun began! Some misguided soul had helpfully directed us to a horrible path that was supposed to be a shortcut, but was actually a giant sandtrap. My overtired eyes did not react well to clouds of dust irritating my filthy contact lenses. I was in a thoroughly



...  
step, when a Japanese group came over to me. They sat me down, washed my face, put socks over my shoes so that sand couldn't get in, and then two of the boys practically carried me down the mountain. They had adopted me and couldn't do enough for me. Every other step they washed my face, gave me a drink of water or thought of something else they could do for me. Such solicitousness would drive me up a wall if it came from other Americans. Here I accepted it as stemming from the unfailing kindness of every Japanese that I have met. It was their way of showing concern, and I appreciated it. Even the Japanese students I met who vehemently opposed the Indochina war and U.S. foreign policy were still friendly towards Americans.

In turn, it is very difficult for an American not to respond warmly to the Japanese. This American, at least, is engaged in a lasting love affair with them now. And for me, Fuji was a syncretic haiku of my journey in Japan.



## and the rains came . . .

That misty quality of those Japanese "floating world" pictures is no mere artist's trick for masking harsh outlines. That mist is an all too accurate impression of a fact of Japanese life that most tourists will encounter. For the rainy season in Japan (the middle of June until about the third week of July) paralyzes most of the tourist season. Beware those who warn of fearsome heat and suggest bringing an umbrella—the first typhoon you meet will tear your umbrella to shreds.

I know—our hostel group arrived in Japan last summer the week after torrential flooding in Tokyo had been headlined in the N.Y. Times. We had been travelling for 20 hours, and had walked up a mountain to our hostel with all our luggage (too much of it!). We were exhausted! Before we even unpacked we were

confronted with a radio bulletin of an impending typhoon—due bright and early the next morning. We fell asleep amid shudders of expectation.

The next morning we were given a box lunch and our freedom for the day. Because of the torrential rains we were allowed to stay inside the hostel all day, even though as a rule hostels close between 9:30 and 3 o'clock. Some of the hardier souls in our group ventured out in search of Ise Inner Shrine, but I stayed at the hostel to talk with some Japanese students.

After the Japanese hostellers retired to their room to listen to the next bulletin on the typhoon, I joined some people whose lives were almost as different from mine—my fellow hostellers. The 25 of us in my group ranged in age from 16 to 60, in interests from flying planes to collecting miniature bottles. What kept us all companionable and even-tempered, I think, was mutual respect and a lively curiosity about each other. And if you don't have a deep interest in other people, a hostel trip's not your bag, anyway.

After lunch the rain let up so six of us went to the nearby town of Toba. We intended just to stroll along the streets, but that driving rain soon set in again. Wet and battered by the ferocious wind we stumbled gratefully into a coffee shop. The gloom of the place was pierced by the glaring eye of a TV set which are as ubiquitous in Japan as they are in the U.S. Behind the counter was an elderly lady talking to two young women who turned out to be her daughters. One of the women was holding a baby.

While waiting for her coffee, one of the women in our group made a cooing noise at the infant. The baby beamed, the grandmother smiled, and contact was established. Baby talk seems to be an international language. While the older women discussed in signs and sounds the important matters of the baby's size, age, and general precociousness, my friend Kathy and I practiced our second year Japanese with the two sisters. They were able to discuss with insight the problems of student life in Japan.

Throughout the conversation the TV flashed out the message of loyalty and honor in a Samurai movie that was sporadically interrupted by pleas to buy Coca-cola or Yamaha motorcycles. At a casual comment during a fruit commercial, one of the girls left the room and returned with one of the largest pineapples I'd ever seen. She promptly divided it among us. (Admire anything a Japanese has and he's likely to give it to you.) Beamingly, she watched us finish every morsel of the delicious, tartly-sweet fruit.

All too soon it was time to be back at the hostel. As we left, the married sister wrote down her address and insisted we visit her for dinner. Fortified with this friendliness, we made it to the station without even noticing the rain—much, that is...

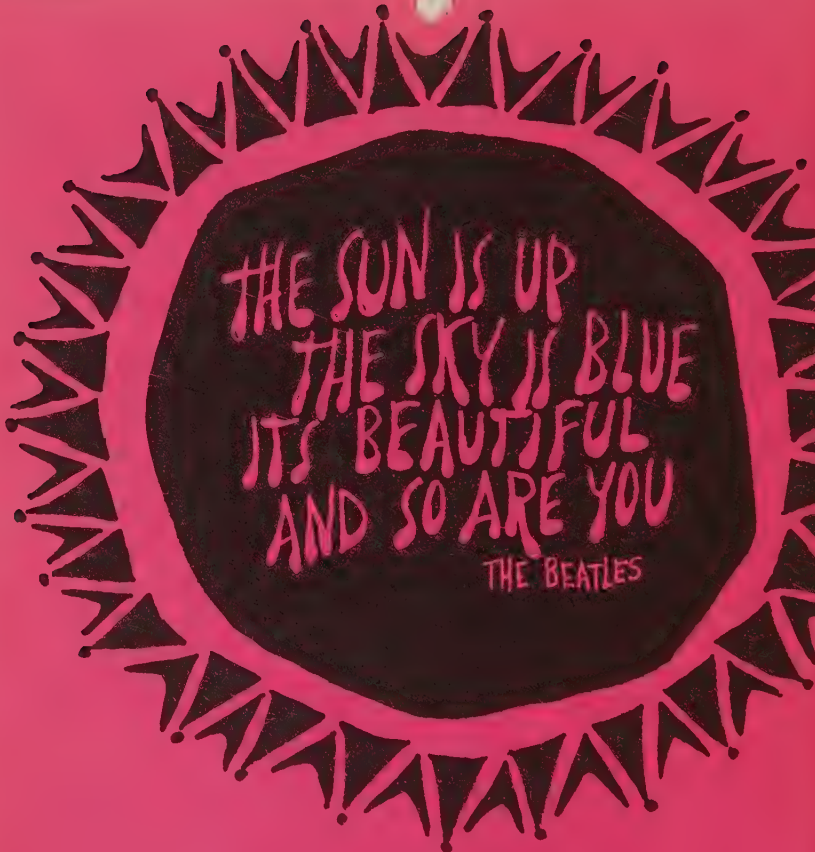
I will always remember the warm kindness shown in that brief encounter as a worthy lesson: keep faith, no matter how tired you are. An adventure is about to happen. And every typhoon may have its gift of pineapple.

In my mind  
there are many thoughts  
I wish  
I could express.  
But the words,  
the meanings,  
are blocked  
like waters  
behind a dam.  
The only words  
that come  
are the overflow.  
If I could only  
open the dam  
that blocks the  
words,  
and speak my  
thoughts.

*This poem was written by  
Mark Everhart, a winner in  
YOUTH's Creative Arts  
Contest for 1970.*



ROCK  
1971  
CATE N DAK



THE SUN IS UP  
THE SKY IS BLUE  
IT'S BEAUTIFUL  
AND SO ARE YOU  
THE BEATLES



Often it is Nature which helps  
us become aware of Time.  
Seasons change and so we notice  
less ice on the roads, a hint of  
green in the grass-ground, a  
sniff of spring or summer or fall  
in the scudding clouds—if we  
learn to look.

And in the seasons of human life  
we may also notice the deepening  
wrinkles on a parent's face, the  
new curve of a young woman's  
body or the longer legs of a  
baby brother. We can see anew  
our year of Time—if we stop to  
ponder a little.

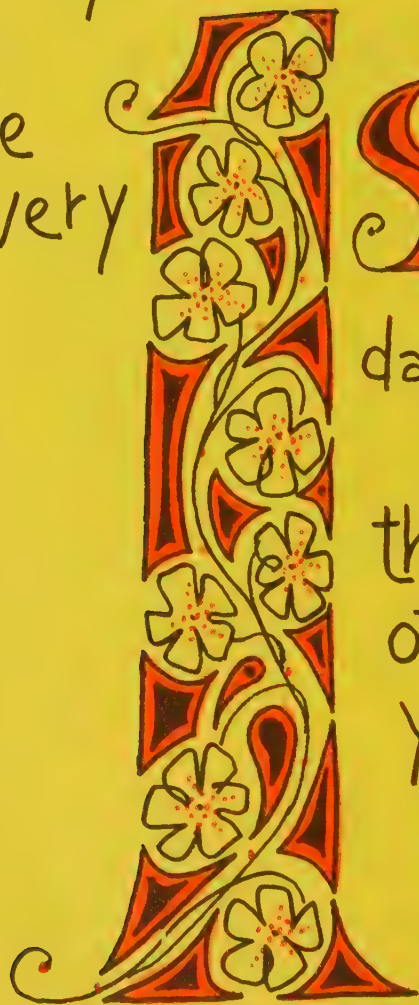
We can become newly thankful  
for our gift of one whole year if  
we say "yes" to our past years  
and "hello" to the times to come.  
This year 1971, wedged between  
our past and our future, marks  
the present turning and tuning  
of life. Are we filling the leaves  
of our book full to overflowing?  
Are our life-strings becoming  
vibrant with sung melodies and  
deepening harmonies? Learn to  
look and listen. And welcome  
this Time-Gift with eager joy!

What is a year of Time?  
Compared to a day it is very  
long. Compared to a lifetime it  
is only a tiny particle. How will  
we fill this year of Time? Some  
days will be sad ones, others  
happy. Some will be memorable,  
but many will be forgotten.

How can we learn to use Time  
thoughtfully? Throughout this  
year, some days will fly by, while  
others will bump along with  
maddening slowness. Amidst the  
ups and downs, how can we avoid  
letting 1971 slip through our  
fingers with hardly a backward  
glance or a warning whisper?

First, we can become aware that  
each hour, each day, is a gift.  
This is difficult because so many  
days seem exactly alike. But  
hidden in our routine schedules—  
if we learn to look—are lots of  
discoveries: new feelings we  
didn't know were there, new  
friends who really want to care,  
new ideas and dreams to dare.  
So stop a moment during each  
day-gift and ask: where are the  
surprises that only I can see?  
What should I especially  
remember about this week?

today  
is  
the  
very



day  
of  
the rest  
of  
your  
life

BEWONDERFULL



Behold, I make all things new . . .  
*Revelation 21:5*

"I could tell you of my adventure—  
beginning from this morning,"  
said Alice, "but it's no use going  
back to yesterday, because I was a  
different person then."

—Lewis Carroll, *Alice  
in Wonderland*

I thank You God for most this amaz-  
ing day: for the creeping greenly  
spirits of trees and a blue true  
dream of sky; and for everything  
which is natural which is infinite  
which is yes

—e. e. cummings

. . . and I am perpetually awaiting a  
rebirth of wonder.

—Lawrence Ferlinghetti


Hey, I've got nothing to do today  
but smile!

—Simon & Gartunkel,  
*Baby Driver*

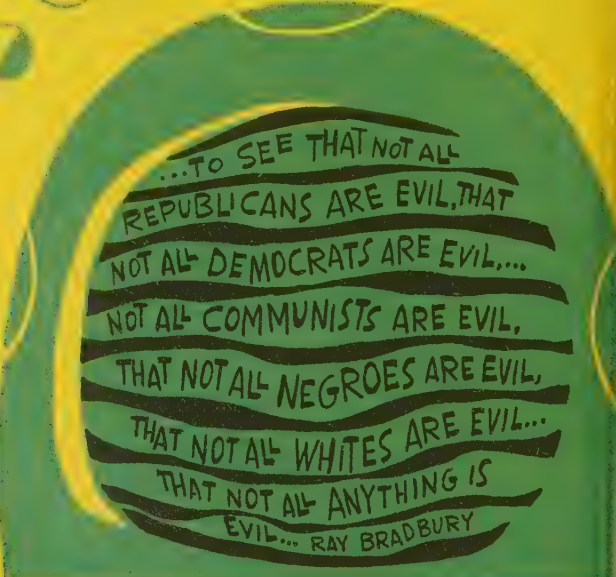
# Youth

## JANUARY 71

1	F	16
2	S	17
3	S	18
4	M	19
5	T	20
6	W	21
7	T	22
8	F	23
9	S	24
10	S	25
11	M	26
12	T	27
13	W	28
14	T	29
15	F	30
		31



WHAT IS THE  
PRESIDENCY TO  
ME IF I HAVE  
NO COUNTRY?  
A LINCOLN



...TO SEE THAT NOT ALL  
REPUBLICANS ARE EVIL, THAT  
NOT ALL DEMOCRATS ARE EVIL, ...  
NOT ALL COMMUNISTS ARE EVIL,  
THAT NOT ALL NEGROES ARE EVIL,  
THAT NOT ALL WHITES ARE EVIL...  
THAT NOT ALL ANYTHING IS  
EVIL... RAY BRADBURY

We, the people of the United States of America, in order to form

a more perfect union, establish

justice, insure domestic tranquility,

provide for the common defense,

promote the general welfare and se-

cure the blessings of liberty to our-

selves and our posterity, do ordain

and establish this Constitution for

the United States of America.

—Preamble to the Constitution

Man's capacity for justice makes

democracy possible, but man's

inclination to injustice makes

democracy necessary.

—Reinhold Niebuhr

The death of democracy is not

likely to be an assassination from

ambush. It will be a slow extinction

from apathy, indifference, and

undernourishment.

—Robert M. Hutchins

Democracy is never served by those

who flatter it. Its best lovers know

its faults and ask in a firm voice

that they be corrected.


—Walt Whitman

# youth

FEBRUARY 71

1	M	16
2	T	17
3	W	18
4	T	19
5	F	20
6	S	21
7	S	22
8	M	23
9	T	24
10	W	25
11	T	26
12	F	27
13	S	28
14	S	
15	M	





i wanted to see what i could see  
before i saw what i should see.

c.thorp

The truth is found when men are free  
to pursue it.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt

Art is the work of a person  
a human being  
who is free to take into himself  
what he sees outside  
and from his free center  
put his human stamp on it.  
The artist is the sign to the  
whole world  
that reality  
or the world  
is shaped by man  
and not the other way around.

—Corita

We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first  
time.

—T. S. Eliot,

*Four Quartets*

In a dark time, the eye begins to see.  
—Theodore Roethke

youth

MARCH 71

1	M	16
2	T	17
3	W	18
4	T	19
5	F	20
6	S	21
7	S	22
8	M	23
9	T	24
10	W	25
11	T	26
12	F	27
13	S	28
14	S	29
15	M	30
		31

...act gentle  
steward



of the Earth's  
community  
of being

E. RUGGLES  
"C. CARBO"



Hurt not the earth, neither the sea,  
nor the trees.

—Revelation 7:3

I think that I shall never see

A billboard lovely as a tree

Perhaps, unless the billboards fall

I'll never see a tree at all.

—Ogden Nash

We have met the enemy and he is us.

—Pogo

If you're not part of the solution,

you're part of the pollution.

—Friends of the Earth

So foul a sky clears not without

a storm.

—William Shakespeare

youth

APRIL 71

1	T	16
2	F	17
3	S	18
4	S	19
5	M	20
6	T	21
7	W	22
8	T	23
9	F	24
10	S	25
11	S	26
12	M	27
13	T	28
14	W	29
15	T	30



GOOD  
GRIEF  
CHARLIE  
BROWN

NOTHING  
CAN  
MAKE  
INJUSTICE  
JUST  
BUT  
MERCY

R. FROST

Grief can take care of itself; but to get the full value of a joy you must have someone to share it with.

—Mark Twain

I don't think it's possible to do your own thing when the rest of humanity is hungry, all shot up and bleeding. No matter how hard you try not to, you still are involved.

—Joan Baez Harris

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,

They are no kings, though they possess the crown.

—Daniel Defoe

Sometimes I think my mission is to bring faith to the faithless and doubt to the faithful.

—Paul Tillich

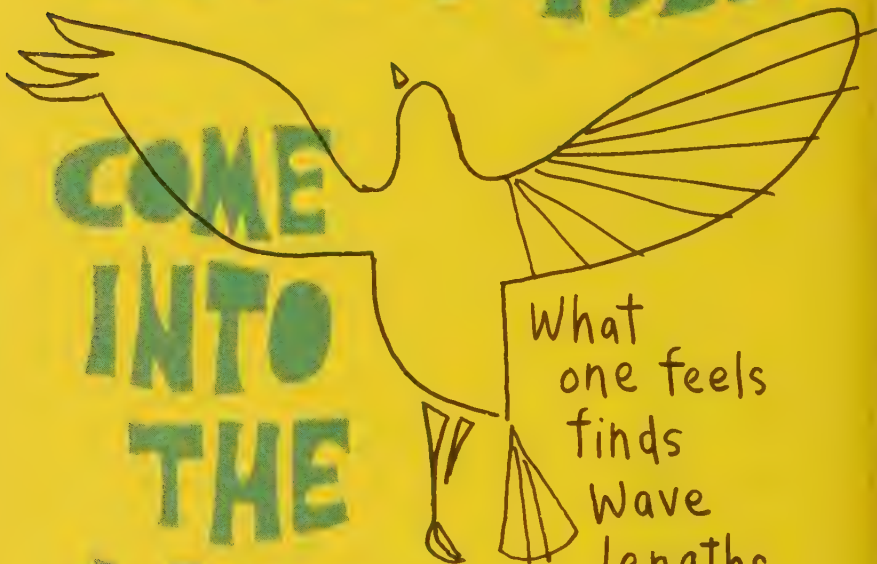
YOUTH  
MAY 71

1	S	16
2	S	17
3	M	18
4	T	19
5	W	20
6	T	21
7	F	22
8	S	23
9	S	24
10	M	25
11	T	26
12	W	27
13	T	28
14	F	29
15	S	30
		31



# GREAT IDEAS

## COME INTO THE WORLD



What  
one feels  
finds  
Wave  
lengths  
to reach out

SIDNEY POITIER

## AS GENTLY AS DOVES

Because the world is round  
 it turns me on . . .  
 —The Beatles

Life is being concerned with people  
 not because it's good politics,  
 nor good business,  
 not because it's good religion,  
 nor good strategy,  
 not because it's good seduction,  
 but because you really care for  
 someone.

—Herman C. Ahrens

We will never show people who we  
 are until we know who we are;  
 we will never go anywhere until  
 we know where we are.

—Malcolm X

The world is a beautiful place  
 to be born into  
 if you don't mind happiness.  
 not always being

so very much fun.  
 —Lawrence Ferlinghetti

1	T	16
2	W	17
3	T	18
4	F	19
5	S	20
6	S	21
7	M	22
8	T	23
9	W	24
10	T	25
11	F	26
12	S	27
13	S	28
14	M	29
15	T	30

THE WINDS ARE OUR PURE BREATH.  
THE RIVERS ARE OUR BLOOD.  
THE MOUNTAINS ARE OUR OWNSELVES.  
...WE WALK WITH BEAUTY IN OUR HEARTS

G. LONG, NAVAJO





The land was ours before we were  
the land's. She was our land more  
than a hundred years before we were  
her people.

—Robert Frost

What I worry about is that many  
Americans would accept Facism and  
believe there is justice in it.  
—Walter Cronkite

We're anything brighter than even  
the sun

(we're everything greater  
than books

might mean)

We're everything more than  
believe (with a spin

leap

alive we're alive)

We're wonderful one times one.

—e. e. cummings

The virtues of a common man are like  
the grass; the grass, when the wind  
passes over it, bends.

—Henry David Thoreau

**youth**  
JULY 71

1	T	16
2	F	17
3	S	18
4	S	19
5	M	20
6	T	21
7	W	22
8	T	23
9	F	24
10	S	25
11	S	26
12	M	27
13	T	28
14	W	29
15	T	30
		31

I know that  
you believe you  
understand what you  
think I said,  
but I am not sure  
you realize that  
what you heard is  
not what I meant!

✂ cut an extra perforation  
in an IBM card and destroyed  
that AT&T computer forever!  
Art Buchwald

You can't depend on your eyes when  
your imagination is out of focus.  
—Mark Twain

Non-conformity is the basic pre-  
condition of good thinking . . . The  
degree of non-conformity present  
and tolerated in a society might be  
looked upon as a symptom of its  
state of health.  
—Ben Shahn

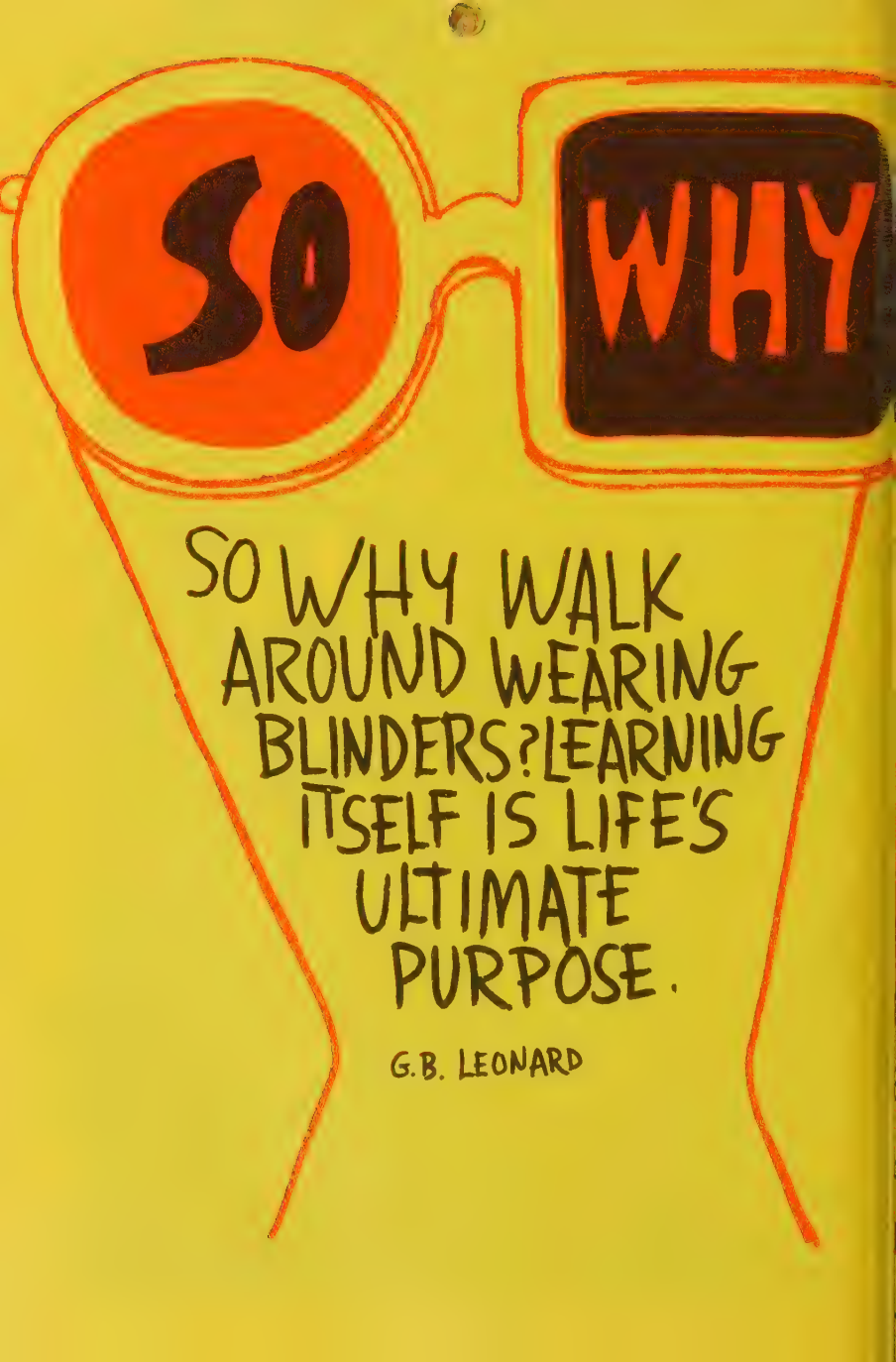
There was so much handwriting on  
the wall that even the wall fell  
down.  
—Christopher Morley

Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on  
Thee  
and I'll forgive Thy great big one  
on me.  
—Robert Frost

Talking with one another is loving  
one another.  
—African Proverb

1	S	16
2	M	17
3	T	18
4	W	19
5	T	20
6	F	21
7	S	22
8	S	23
9	M	24
10	T	25
11	W	26
12	T	27
13	F	28
14	S	29
15	S	30
		31





SO

WHY

SO WHY WALK  
AROUND WEARING  
BLINDERS? LEARNING  
ITSELF IS LIFE'S  
ULTIMATE  
PURPOSE.

G.B. LEONARD

One may know the world without going out of doors. One may see the Way of Heaven without looking through the windows.

—Lao Tzu

Putting on the spectacles of science in expectation of finding the answer to everything looked at signifies inner blindness.

—J. Frank Dobie

Does the Eagle know what is in the

pit?

Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?

Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?

Or Love in a golden bowl?

—William Blake

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.

—Henry Adams

1	W	16
2	T	17
3	F	18
4	S	19
5	S	20
6	M	21
7	T	22
8	W	23
9	T	24
10	F	25
11	S	26
12	S	27
13	M	28
14	T	29
15	W	30



**EVE  
WAS  
THE  
APPLE  
OF  
ADAM'S**

hello  
i love you  
won't  
you  
tell me  
your  
name?



# youth OCTOBER 71

Let your love be like the misty  
 rain,  
 coming softly but flooding the  
 river.

—African Proverb

And when you work with love, you  
 bind yourself to yourself and to one  
 another and to God.

—Kahlil Gibran

There are three things that keep life  
 from becoming so daily  
 to make love  
 to make believe  
 to make hope  
 with  
 the ordinary everyday people and  
 stuff around us.

—Corita

Remove from any life the passion of  
 love or holiness, and you will be  
 appalled by how little remains.

—Francois Mauriac

1	F	16
2	S	17
3	S	18
4	M	19
5	T	20
6	W	21
7	T	22
8	F	23
9	S	24
10	S	25
11	M	26
12	T	27
13	W	28
14	T	29
15	F	30
		31



**E**  
**VERY**  
**THING**  
**THAT LIVES**  
**EATS FOOD AND**  
**IS FOOD IN TURN**

**THIS COMPLICATED ANIMAL, MAN, RESTS ON**  
**A VAST PYRAMID OF ENERGY-TRANSFORMATION**

E. RUGGLES, N. 1940



# NOVEMBER 71

## youth

The frontier ethic that we never really abandoned has caught up with us. There is nowhere left for escape.

—Sen. Edmund Muskie

How can a society be great when its bread tastes like kleenex?

—Julia Childs

**A bird came down the walk**

**He did not know I saw**

**He bit an angleworm in halves**

**And ate the fellow raw.**

—Emily Dickinson

Nothing on earth takes the place of  
cow manure.

—Anonymous

Nature is a rag-merchant who  
works up every shred and ort  
and end into new creations.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

1	M	16
2	T	17
3	W	18
4	T	19
5	F	20
6	S	21
7	S	22
8	M	23
9	T	24
10	W	25
11	T	26
12	F	27
13	S	28
14	S	29
15	M	30





**MYSELF**

*and sing myself,  
and what I assume  
you shall assume...*

WALT WHITMAN -

# DECEMBER 71

## youth

And forget not that the earth  
delights to feel your bare feet,  
and the winds long to play with your  
hair.

—Kahlil Gibran

For ye shall go out with joy,  
and be led forth with peace:  
the mountains and the hills shall  
break forth before you into  
singing, and all the trees of  
the fields shall clap their hands.

—Isaiah 55: 12

Christ was part Yippie and part  
revolutionary, and part something  
else.

—Harvey Cox

Every creature alive is the product of  
a unique history.

—Loren Eiseley

1 W 2 T 3 F 4 S 5 S 6 M 7 T 8 W 9 T 10 F 11 S 12 S 13 M 14 T 15 W

31

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26

25

24

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16

YOUTH MAGAZINE 1505 RACE STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19102

## ARE YOU BEING CREATIVE?

Chances are the answer is yes. What about your Christmas cookies that the family gobbled up before you could even get the flour out of your hair? Unfortunately we lack a master chef on our staff to judge your cooking talents. But if you like to draw, write, paint or sculpt YOUTH's Creative Arts Contest may be for you. Everyone whose work is printed in YOUTH will receive \$25.

Here are the rules and guidelines:

1. You must be under 20 years of age.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something you've done as a school assignment, for your own enjoyment or something created especially for the contest—but it must be yours.
3. You may submit a total of five entries.
4. Identify each entry with the title of the work, your name, age, home address and church affiliation, if any.
5. CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES CANNOT BE RETURNED. So please keep a copy of your work.
6. All contributions must be mailed by May 1, 1971.
7. Send your original entries to: CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH Magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. After the judging is completed, all entries other than Creative Writing will be returned to you.

**CREATIVE WRITING**/Just about anything goes here —poetry, fiction, essays, plays, editorials, humor, satire, true-to-life stories—whatever form you like and feel you're best at. Keep a copy of your work for yourself, as creative writing entries cannot be returned.

**ART WORK**/We welcome any type of art work that can be reproduced in YOUTH magazine. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, prints, gags or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, or abstract art—any artistic expression of your own ideas or feelings. Because of mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15" or smaller than 4" x 5".

**PHOTOGRAPHY**/There is no limitation on subject matter. Send us a black and white print no larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5". Write your name and address on the back of each photo so that it can be returned to you when the judging is complete.

**SCULPTURE**/If you've done a mobile, paper folding, wood carving or any piece of sculpture which you'd like to submit, send us one photo or a group of photos which best present all the dimensions of your work.

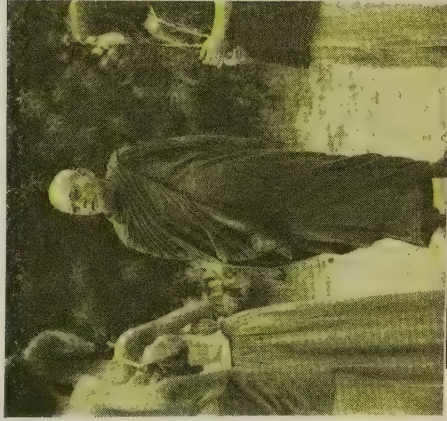


a pilgrimage to



Today's world of turmoil has brought about a strange pilgrimage. Young people from all over the world are making their way to India to find peace of mind in the great Eastern religions.

They come from America, England, Germany, France, Japan, and India itself. Some have been motivated through talk with other youth. Some have read about the Eastern religions. Others have persuaded parents to support them on a world trip.



At the Vishwa Bandhu Ashram, located only half a mile from a memorial to one of the first Mogul kings of India, a colony of hippies is studying under a venerable Buddhist monk. Last year 45 young people were in residence. Of this year's dozen only four can be considered serious students of the 78-year-old Cambodian monk.

The four are Liz, Mike, Diana, and Charlie. They come from the United States, Canada, and England. They are between 19 and 21 years old. They have been with the Venerable Vira Dharmawara for eight months.

Life at the Buddhist mission resembles life in early pioneer Amrica. Water from the well is available twice a day when the electricity to pump it comes on. Water must be used sparingly and is stored in unsanitary clay pots. Cooking is done outside over an open fire or over a bucket of red-hot coals.

Liz and Mike live in the 250-year-old mission

gate house. Diana and Charlie live in a triplex beside the temple. Privacy is impossible. Huge windows without glass abound. Indians live in other sections of both gatehouse and triplex.

These young people are extremely clean. They bathe every night that the water is on. To keep living quarters clean no shoes are allowed indoors. Every night Diana feeds two dogs, four geese, four ducks and three chickens which they keep as pets. None of the pets has enough meat to provide a meal.

Explaining the youth hegira, Mike says, "For kids passing through there is gigantic talk and flowery phrases about learning an Eastern religion. Some get involved and work. It is a monumental task, but most will not work at bringing the mind into subjection.

"Most kids in America condemn the church but would not consider going into seminary or a school of religion. Studying an Eastern religion here is the same as studying religion there. The Indians laugh at all the kids coming here to study the Eastern religions because they know that most are not serious.

"It is popular to talk the language of Eastern thought. It tends to impress people as intellectual.

Everyone in the States wants to be intellectual without working for it. Few in the U.S. know the difference between real understanding of Eastern thought and a put-on."

At the mission the Venerable Vira Dharmawara holds nightly meditations. Most of these concern social action, or man's responsibility to man in relation to the great Buddha.

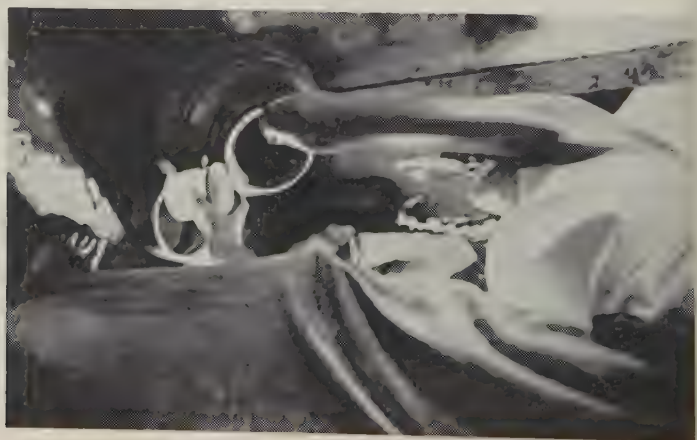
"Our monk feels he has reached the heights of mental discipline in worship of the great Buddha and we think so too," Mike stated. "He has spent 50 or 60 years studying the thought. But he still works at his faith on a daily, even hourly, basis."

The Venerable Vira Dharmawara is of medium height by Western standards. He is a strong individual and commands attention in whatever group he participates. At times he talks about the youth of today:

"Most young people going through India talk about religion from the East but are not willing to dive deep into it. They want complete freedom but fight any form of discipline. They do not understand that there is no religion without discipline. This explains the disillusionment many get in the







East. I have studied the great Buddha all my life and it has been work. Even though I have gained freedom and satisfaction in the process I have had to discipline my entire body to gain what I have.

"Any religion that fits youth will be popular. They could create their own religion, but it would only be a short while before they would have to have some form of discipline. Otherwise it would fall apart. Ninety percent of the young people return to their own countries disillusioned."

The monk added that most of the young people are on drugs. He predicted that in 20 years the United States will collapse if it continues as it is concerning drugs. "You will find that with drugs you produce people unable to contribute to building a progressing civilization," he said. "You cannot make a nation great with people who are content with enjoying hallucinations."

He pointed out that the East, which has had drugs for centuries, has not progressed. "I honestly believe that this difference is due to drugs. The use of drugs is really the reason so many people are coming to the East. The idea of studying a religion

is just an excuse. The young people want to be free from everything but not from drugs."

Afghanistan, Ceylon, Burma, Nepal, India and other countries are closing their doors to the hippies, the monk stated. He says that soon there will be no place for the young to go. They will have to do constant soul and mental searching as to the real situation to find peace in themselves and in the world.

"With great disillusionment the young people return to the West. They cannot express this feeling to others. After all, they went East for the answers. In returning they must have answers for others. Once home many act as if they are gurus. Do you know what I call them? They are counterfeit coins."

Hippies want freedom, the monk concluded, but they are slaves to their own minds. Even those who are not true hippies want to look like them and get in on the action. "I tried to help all of these young people in the beginning," he said, "when they told me that they wanted to practice meditation. But later I found they were not genuine. Only Liz, Mike, Diana, and Charlie have continued with me."

**"There is no religion without discipline"**

In speaking of her schooling under the monk, Liz says, "Sometimes it is painful, and we must work at learning the new train of thought. The monk is willing to aid anyone but refuses to be used. We love him. He is his own man and will not be cast into a mold. Many kids have tried but have been cut off and cast out of the monk's mind as fast as they entered."

"We live close to nature here," Liz said, "and that is the way we want it. By living this way we can find joy in the most simple of things."

"Our goal is to help others. We are not decided about the future, but after studying with the monk, we must be involved with others. It is our life and our love. If those searching could find the peace we have found, the world would be changed overnight. There would be no more hate and wrongdoing."

#### **... BUT SOME HAVE BAD TRIPS**

Many young people who escape to India, or other points East, do not settle down into serious study with a venerable monk. Rather, they crowd into the cities and live in cheap hotels. For example, at









the Crown Hotel in Old Delhi, one person can stay for only seven rupees, or 94 cents, a day. For this price they will have a bed in a room with four or more people.

If the youth are looking for adventure, they will find it at a place like the Crown. Roommates change daily unless a group is travelling together. At any time during the day or night rats as large as small cats roam the rooms in search of food. At times people and rats compete for tidbits.

The kids pay no attention to their looks. Bathing is "out," not "in." A girl may walk the Delhi streets clad in a thin T-shirt, no bra, and the briefest of bikini bottoms. A fellow may wear only a G-string. Many times "love" wrestles occur at the Crown with girls suffering the most and emerging with lack of interest in their physical well-being.

Drugs are cheap and no guilt is attached to them. They give a pseudo-security. Food becomes unimportant. Since there are no hunger pains no one eats. Soon eyes become dark, cheekbones protrude and much weight is lost.

No longer do these kids drop acid and speed.

Some are still experimenting but the old pros are off and running. A roommate may be a regular junkie, a heroin addict with his or her arms red and blue and full of needle marks. The junkie's tools, needle and drugs and alcohol and cotton to stop the bleeding, are in plain view for all to see.

According to one young German at the Crown, "It is now a bad trip. I just don't like bad trips. When coming down from a trip, reality was just too high. Breaking myself was a bad trip in itself."

Although drug usage is widespread, some young people search for meaning in other ways. An Indian businessman claims: "These kids come to the East to find something different that it not available in the West. But they go away disillusioned with the East. In India we are just trying to survive. When the kids see this, they think it is a game and again find that nothing is satisfying."

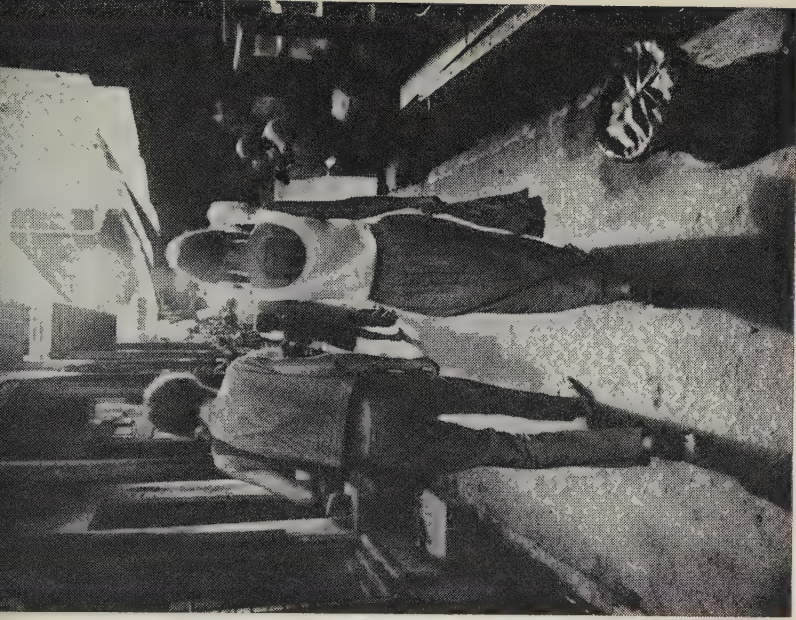
"Actually their search is not philosophical. It is a reaction to the double-talk of the previous generation. It is a revolt against the previous generation's not keeping the traditions they preached."

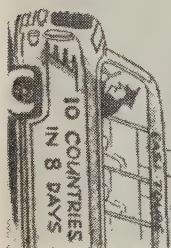
"The hippies have no reasoning, no logic. Their

goal seems to be to break with the past. Then they become disillusioned because they are more exploited in the East than in the West.

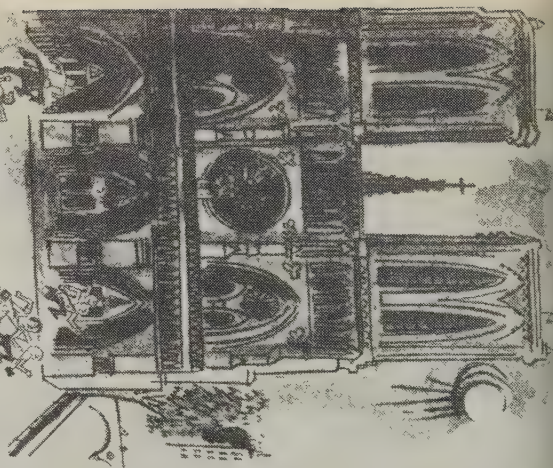
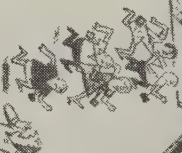
"Revolt has come because the parents have stated that youth can do as they please. But when they do they are not accepted. In reality they are crying for notice and that is why they say they are going to the East to study under some great guru. They think in this way parents will take notice because they will study a religion outside of Christianity and frighten the older generation into accepting them."

Many youth, who have studied a little of an Eastern religion and Eastern thought, find that comprehension of the alien philosophy is too difficult. One European says, "You get a wider view of the world from the Eastern religions, but few get any peace out of it. To get involved in a new religion one must work out the present one first. One must be completely finished with Christianity."





TMV



© Pr



"Senor, try F/11 at a 60th of a second."

mama mia

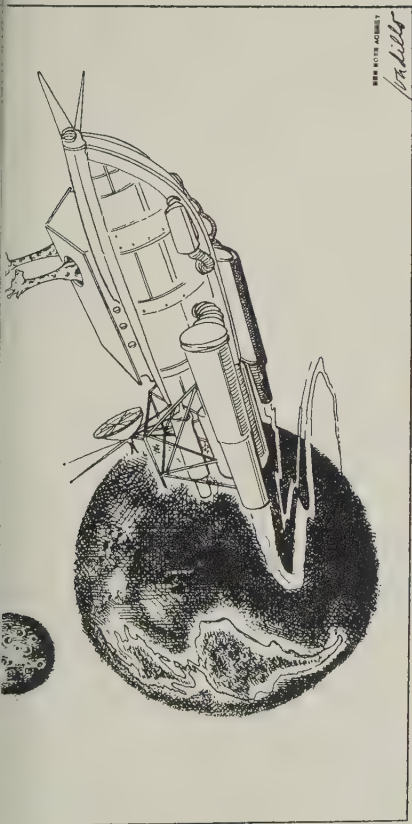
its

NOAH

way

to

Millar/Ben Roth Agency



Vadillo-Ovaciones, Mexico

Seles/Magyar Szo, Yugoslavia



Harris/Ben Roth Agency



"You and your high school French!"





is the sea."

Here on Australia's Gold Coast there is a special place high on a cliff's edge where surfers watch the swells roll in. This scene is their high! The water was cold when Steve Wall talked with a hardy group of surfers here last July. It is now mid-summer "Down Under"—the height of the season of sun, sand and endless surf:

"I can close my eyes and there on the inside of my eyelids is a moving picture of brilliant days and very blue water and surf beating on the sunny sand. Then a cold, shrill wind will remind me that the beach is not always like this. I huddle closer to myself, covering one bare foot with the other against the weather."

## surf's up!



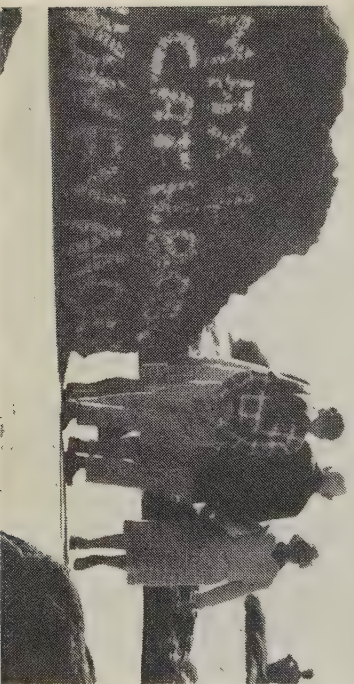
Photos by Steve Wall

surfing is more than just a fad. It is a good, real way to live. But it just doesn't provide enough money as a career—so many surfers end up making and selling boards."

"All my friends were surfing, so I started. I have found that I can't stop—it's great fun. Surfers are a group all to themselves, and everything centers in and around that group."



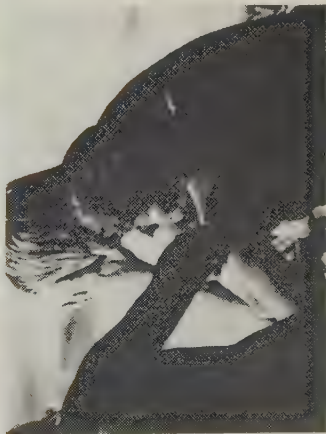
"Surfing freaks are different. And because we have long hair a lot of older folks think we're just dropouts who dig lying in the sun heaping sand on our backs. But we are mentally sound because we still have our own way to escape noise and pollution—that beautiful board."








"Australians are proud people. Our basic aggressiveness makes for a good show in sports, and our surfers do some rough riding. But we must win or we will throw the sport out and say, 'we really didn't like the game, anyway.'"







"In Australia, surfing is a man's world. Some girls do practice and participate with the guys, but very few. In other countries guys want their women to be with them. Here they get uptight about a woman in the surf. This applies to all levels of life in Australia."

"The sea is the mistress for surfers, and she has many moods. We love her but fear her."

"On the board the only thing that matters is that next wave. Then all of a sudden it is there like a crackling, watery avalanche, and nobody ever seems really ready. We must live life to the fullest, just in case the end catches us unaware."



# touch &

It sounds as if Satan has gotten hold of you and many of the clergy. It sounds as if you are using the name of God in vain for your own personal gains—to the detriment of America. You are using a powerful weapon—the press—on very impressionable young people. The Rank and File doesn't like what is going on and are getting ready to do something about it.

—E.E. Monroe, Wis.

## WRITE ON!

Congratulations on an excellent publication! The October 11 issue of YOUTH is a tribute to relevant communications and the true role of Christianity today. "I want to Respect My Country, But . . ." is a lucid and vital statement to be read by parents and children alike. The design and layout are fantastic, too. You're "now." Write on!

—J.D., Indianapolis, Ind.

## FROM FRANCE WITH LOVE

If strange spellings and punctuation appear in this letter, let it be known that this is my first try at a French typewriter. I have known your magazine for a third of my life, but now that I am an exchange student and far away from the mainstream of American media, I especially appreciate it. Even though I dis-

agree with half a magazine devoted to Joan Baez Harris, I encourage your voice (and hers) to be heard. The religious thing about your magazine is that you are providing a means of communication and understanding and compassion; and isn't that what the Christian religion is all about?

From land to land, and person to person, peace and love,

—G.W., Nantes, France

## A HIGHER HIGH

I just had to write to tell you that the November 22 issue of YOUTH was terrific! There is one thing that I'd like to add to Nicholas Johnson's article on rock music and the drug culture, though. The words from the Beatles' song, "I get high with a little help from my friends" do not imply anything at all about drugs if you really understand what they are trying to say. At a church conference last summer I learned that I could get a lot higher "with a little help from my friends" through genuine love and understanding than I could get with any drug in the whole world. I've never taken drugs and never will—I don't need them. Thanks for offering all of us your wonderful, stimulating material!

—J.N., Shelburne Falls, Mass.

## PROPAGANDA?

I am very much displeased with your June 1970 issue on Joan Baez. She has been a recognized Communist and is married to an anti-American Jew. With their sweet, "seemingly" progressive and democratic speech, they seek to disarm you and me and then take over our country.

I am surprised that many quite intelligent people have been taken in on this propaganda. I personally fully realize all is not the best in this world—but I work in the spirit of our forefathers to create a better America—not to destroy it with so-called "non-violent" means, which really are violent if you look closely.



I am a Protestant Chaplain at a Correction Facility and am looking for good religious material for our inmates. I am impressed with your magazine and would like to order five subscriptions.

—F.P., Elmira, N.Y.

## A GOOD EXAMPLE

To argue with a letter in your October 11 issue, I would like to commend YOUTH for having the courage to hold Joan Baez Harris up as an example to youth. Perhaps she does not "accept God or Jesus Christ as the saving values of her life." This choice is hers not ours. Since when does not going to church mean you can't live a life worthy of having someone want to copy a part of it? Perhaps the church should investigate why many youth, including myself, are finding themselves alienated by the organized church.

I very strongly agree with many of Mrs. Harris's ideas on non-violence and life, especially that people should "look around for somebody who makes sense to them . . . because that person probably has something to offer you." Thank you so much for the insight I gained from your article.

—T.H., Strasburg, Ohio

It's nice that the Church has something in YOUTH that virtually everybody cheers and nobody knocks. Or haven't I heard the gripes you may have heard?

—D.S., Carpentersville, Ill.

## PRESS POLITICS

Although the Christian Education Committee of our church recognizes the appeal YOUTH has to our young people, we disapprove of the October 11 issue. We consider the format to be more that of a campaign-type publication, especially for those of us in Connecticut who are directly involved. Your objectives should be to make young people think for themselves rather than to offer opinions on a candidate you wish them to support.

—P.H., Meriden, Conn.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

- \*A talk with Melanie
- \*"Images of Christ" fold-out poster
- \*Exclusive interview: Dr. Spock
- \*Jesus Christ Superstar!
- \*New forms of worship
- \*Young dancers from Harlem
- \*A fire-eating circus performer

Like everyone, YOUTH magazine is caught in the inflation squeeze (ouch!) and we must raise our prices for the first time in 20 years. So from now on, when you renew or subscribe, our rates are:

5.00 for an individual subscription (less than a LP album . . .)

\$3.50 per subscription for three or more copies sent to one address (better join a commune . . .)

\$9.00 for a two year individual subscription (not a bad deal . . .)

For you to get your money's worth, YOUTH magazine is going to be bigger and better (yes!). In 1971 YOUTH will be published monthly (12 issues a year) and each issue will contain a full 64 pages

(special issues will have even more pages). In addition to all our regular features (and lots of new ones, too) there will be special offers (like the mini-poster calendar in this issue) including buttons, posters and surprises designed exclusively for YOUTH magazine's readers—and at no extra cost to you!



# THE GIRL FROM

# DOWN

# LINDBER

# IN THE USA



*An exchange student from half a world away talks about her year in the U.S.*

As our jet moved towards the U.S. coastline we crossed over small surf beaches, low grey hills and finally inhabited areas clearly marked by the lime green of numerous swimming pools. At last my adventure was beginning.

It took our AFS group several hours to pass through customs at the San Francisco airport. Finally we boarded a large bus, and to my surprise it had its own bathroom.

That was only the first of many surprises to come! Imagine our feelings when our bus pulled out onto the highway, travelling 70 miles an hour on the wrong side of the road! Back home in Australia we drive on the left. We were sure we were doomed to die of heart failure, if nothing else, on these highways.

It wasn't long before I was on my way to Wisconsin to meet my host family. Endless corn fields rushed past my window as we neared Milwaukee. I looked for choking cities, but instead found charming villages. The thing that hit me right away was that there were no fences or brick walls around the houses, as there are in Australia.

Since that introduction to the U.S. I have learned and accepted, been learned about and been accepted. My happiest moment? Meeting my new

STORY BY MARGARET TUDOR

Photos in Wisc. by Roger Turner/in Australia by Steve Wall

parents after desperately peering through the bus window for them in the cheering crowd. Finally my heart lifted. A placard read: "Welcome to Wisconsin, Margaret. The Beuchner family, De Forest." I rushed off the bus into their arms.

The Beuchners live on a small farm near Madison. With my host sister and brothers I shared moments of learning, including getting on the right and wrong side of a horse, successfully milking my first cow, and, very cautiously, filming a skunk running around the farm.

Although language was no barrier, there was much amusement over my vocabulary. I had to reword such things as "sweets" (candy), "biscuits" (cookies) and "jumper" (sweater). My brothers were intrigued to find out that they had accents. They insisted I was the one.

Food, too was a major adjustment. The Australian diet is based on one meat staple—lamb. To me, beef, pork and chicken are luxury foods and every meal seemed extra delicious. Everyone stared at the way I ate—using both knife and fork, European style.

I had never seen snow before I came to Wisconsin, and that was one of my most delightful pleasures of the year. The first time I walked to



*ABOVE: Horseback riding is a favorite sport of the Buechners, Margaret's host family. BELOW: Margaret's Australian brothers demonstrate their home-made go-kart.*





**LEFT:** Margaret joins some of her American friends for a bit of horseplay around the pool. She found the social life of U.S. high schools a welcome change from the strictly academic atmosphere in Australian schools. **LOWER LEFT:** Margaret and her American sister stroll past the Windsor Union Congregational Church, where the Buechner family worships. **BELOW:** Back home, Margaret attends a rugby game, a favorite sport in Australia.





school in the snow. I had to ask my mother to help me through it. Of course I had never skated on a real frozen lake, and it was very unsettling to see those large cracks. I knew there was a lot of water under that thin shell.

Skiing was a terrific thrill, but also a little frustrating. I crashed into my first, second and third trees. When I tried to get up, there I was with a pair of 60 inch feet, struggling and slipping. The morning the chill factor was 50 degrees below zero, I was so delighted I recorded the weather forecast on a tape to send home to my parents in Australia.

Just as I could see my own country more clearly after I left it, I think I can see the U.S. more objectively now that I am back in Australia. Our countries are different in many ways, but they are both western and progressive and they share many of the same problems.

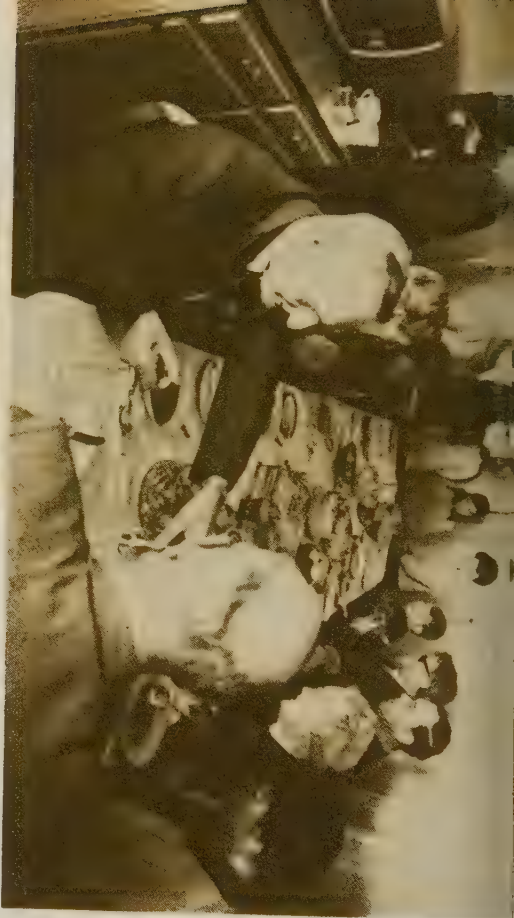
The immediate national concern while I was in the U.S. was the drug problem. At first I was horrified by the widespread use of drugs, but once I accepted the fact that the problem existed, I felt I could view it analytically and less emotionally.

Another main public issue was that of pollution. I saw for myself the filth in the Great Lakes and breathed the foul air of the big cities. The effort



*Five big boxes of "collections" (or "loot," as her father calls it) followed Margaret back from the U.S. Here she unwraps some of the souvenirs she gathered.*





*LEFT: Margaret's relatives celebrate her homecoming with a family feast. LOWER LEFT: Most koala bears are very shy, and hide in trees, but this one seems to take to Margaret. BELOW: Margaret helps out in the Buechner kitchen. She was intrigued by the many appliances and gadgets found in U.S. homes.*



to combat pollution on a national scale had only just begun.

Australia is in the early stages of the drug and pollution problems. The most controversial issues at the moment, though, are conscription for the war in Vietnam and censorship of books and films.

In comparison to Australian youth, I found the kids in the U.S. much more interested, informed and involved in their democratic processes. It seemed that for the majority of American youth, the well-being of their country was closest to their hearts. They were aware of their problems and willing to do something about them.

When I first returned to Australia, I had some difficulty in settling down to a normal routine. One year had made me forget little things like the names of streets, or the price of a bus ticket. It was so strange—almost like learning about a new country.

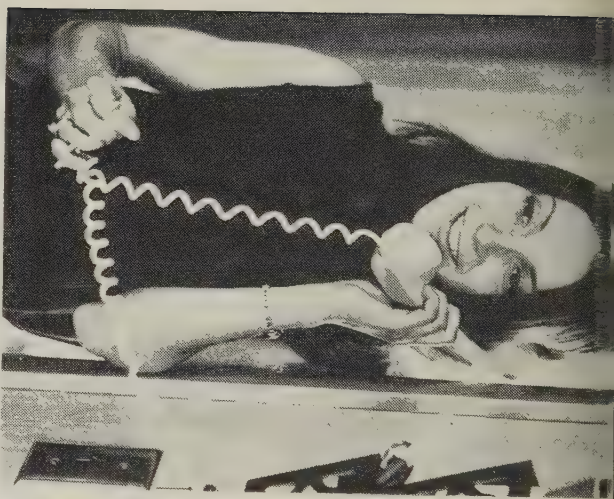
In many ways it's a "down-under" feeling to be back. Just now my home town of Adelaide seems so out of it, and Australia so far away from where the action is. I keep remembering the opposition to my trip from my high school faculty.

One of their arguments was that a year abroad would delay my entrance to the University of Adelaide. I repeated my senior year in the U.S.



*ABOVE: In the courtyard of her high school at home, Margaret discusses her exchange year with a former teacher. BELOW: This is the school Margaret went to in Wisconsin. She is with her American sister and a friend.*





*ABOVE: Margaret chats with a U.S. friend. OPPOSITE PAGE: Margaret walks through the green fields of her grandfather's sheep property with her uncle in Australia.*

so that I could experience high school life there. Another argument was that a year in the States would influence my outlook on Australian politics, social life and student activism, and that I would see that American women are "liberated" compared to Australian women.

Their arguments were essentially correct. I do feel now that Australian women are repressed and discriminated against, and that students here must become more active. But I would argue that it is better to broaden your world than to isolate yourself. It seems to me that the only hope for world peace is the type of understanding which comes from such a broadening of experience.

My outlook has definitely changed and I find now that I am more critical of my country. Because now I cannot take its blessings, or its faults for granted. For I believe that whatever any country may plan for the future, it must consider with sympathy the needs of the rest of the world. Now I have friends in all parts of the world, and they all sincerely want peaceful coexistence. If it is possible for young people of all races and creeds to get together, as happened at each AFS midway, I hope it is not impossible for the whole world.



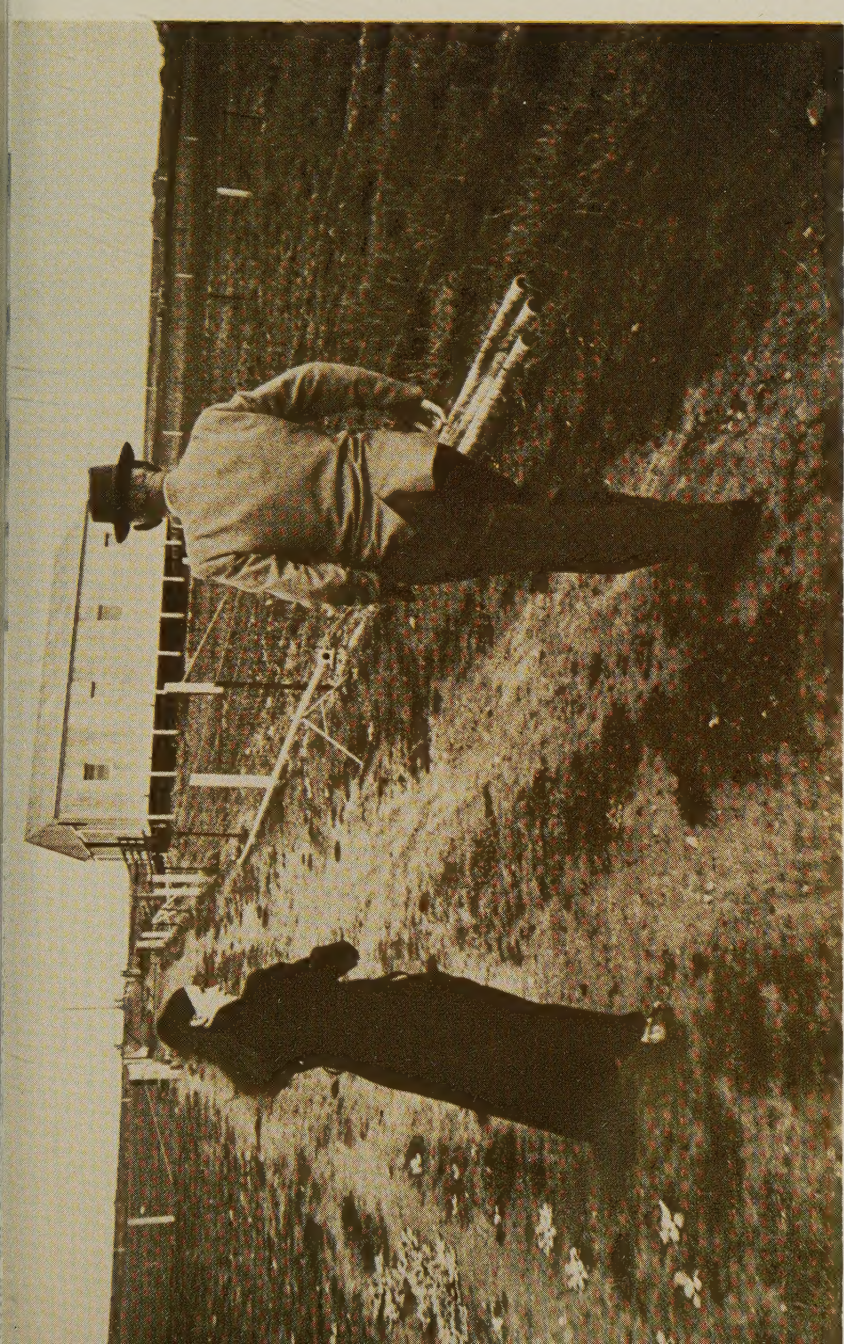






Photo by Ed Eckstein

# We need each other

In his Iowa school, he simply wanted to be himself.

But those around him muddled his personal search for self.

Some said he ran with a cruddy crowd; others said he was too wise.

And some disliked the way he dressed; others made up lies.

**He wanted to die! He wanted to die!**

A big athlete pushed him aside, "You quiet guys are weak!"

A leader disregarded his waving hand, "You never say anything when you speak."

But one day a girl he had hardly noticed across the aisle

Told him that she and her friends thought he had a wonderful smile.

**He wanted to live! He wanted to live!**

"Is she trying to tease me or does she really mean it?

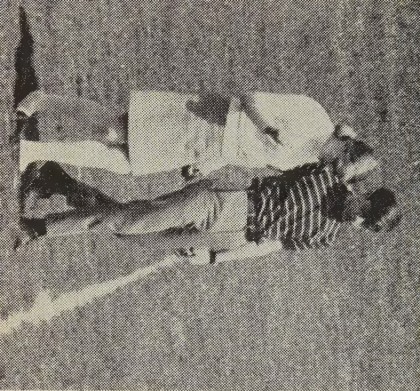
Does she know what she's done for me? Has she really seen it?

She seems to be honest. I want to believe her.

Can knowing someone cares fill me with wonder?"

**We need each other! We need each other!**

A trilogy by Herman Ahrens



For his African homeland, he sought a place in the sun.

The more he learned, the more he dreamed of what could be done.

His country was rich in resources, but the people were poor.

His elders would not listen—no one opened the door.

He wanted to die! He wanted to die!

Big powers sought his nation's vote yet treated him like mud—he was black!

The wealthy gave them money, and took the profits back.

But volunteers with know-how made his country's fields green

And urged his people toward a fuller life—his life-long dream.

He wanted to live! He wanted to live!

"Why do these white men come to my small land to toil,

Living uncomfortably and cheaply, to experiment with our soil?

Is it that black people have true dignity in their sight?

And is having a healthy and adequate living also our right?"

We need each other! We need each other!

On the Jericho road, he traveled with his eager yearnings,  
Until thieves stripped him of his meager earnings.

And they beat him until his body bled,

And then left him helpless and nearly dead.

He wanted to die! He wanted to die!

A pious man—too busy praying—rode on by;

A respected citizen saw a bum about to die;

But a stranger in the land saw a man in need,

And he soothed his sores and sowed a healing seed.

He wanted to live! He wanted to live!

"But this man is my enemy, yet he helps me.

What voice tells him to share so generously?

Is it that we are all made one humanity—

And my neighbor—wherever he be—is whoever needs me?"

We need each other! We need each other!



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What is it like to live far away from home? To speed through time zones so fast that you can arrive in a place before you even start? To face another culture, another language, and often to have to answer for your country's actions when you may not agree with them? In this international issue, YOUTH travels from Cambodia to Cuba, from Japan to Australia to India to Africa and back to the U.S. to explore these questions. Marshall McLuhan's "global village" may not yet be a reality, but the world just isn't as big a place as it used to be. And as it shrinks, it becomes more and more apparent that "we need each other."